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MR. DOOLEY
On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

MR. DOOLEY
On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. DOOLEY SAYS,"
"MR. DOOLEY IN PEACE AND IN WAR," ETC.

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MR. DOOLEY
On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils

MR. DOOLEY

ON MAKING A WILL

"I NIVER made a will," said Mr. Dooley. "I didn't want to give mesilf a headache thinkin' iv something to put into it. A will iv mine wud be a puny little thing annyhow an' if anny wan thried to file it he'd be lible to be locked up f'r contimpt iv th' Probate coort. Besides, I wuddn't like to cause anny onseemly wrangles an' maybe lawsuits among me heirs about who wud pay f'r th' express wagon to carry th' estate to th' city dump. An' annyhow I've always thought that if there's goin' to be ayether cheers or tears at me obsekees they shud spring fr'm th' heart, not fr'm mercinary motives. If anny fellow feels like cillybratin' me departure let him do it out iv his own pocket. Thin I'll know he's sincere. 'Twud grieve me if

some wan broke into song at th' news an' a sthranger was to ask: 'Is that wan iv his inimies?' an' th' reply was, 'No, it's wan iv his heirs.'

"So f'r wan reason or another I've niver made a will, but I'll not deny it must be considhrable spoort f'r thim that has th' manes an' th' imagination to injye it. I'm pretty sure I'd bust into tears whin th' lawyers wrote down th' directions f'r somebody else to set in me rockin' chair, an' I can't think iv annything that wud brighten th' wurruld with me out iv it. But that wud be because I wuddn't go at it in th' right way. To be injyeable a will must be at wan an' th' same time a practical joke on th' heirs an' an advertisemint iv the man that made it. Manny a man niver has his own way till he has it through his will. Afther he's dead an' gone, he shoves his hat on th' back iv his head an' stalks up an' down through th' house, saying, 'I'll show ye who's th' boss here. F'r th' first time in me life, now that I'm dead, I'm goin' to be obeyed.' No wondher that

manny meek millyonaires comforts their declinin' years with this amusemint. It is as Hogan says, th' last infirmary f'r their noble minds. It's a chance f'r thim to tache th' fam'ly their proper place, an' blow their own horns without havin' anny wan interrupt th' solo.

"I was readin' a fine will th' other day. I niver see th' lad that made it, but I think iv him, walkin' up an' down th' lawyer's office as he dictated it, whackin' himsilf on th' chest an' saying 'bedad' afther ivry paragraph. It went somethin' like this: 'I, Ephraim Snivvy, bein' iv a sound mind no matther what may come out in coort later, but ralizin' that th' repytation iv me onparalleled succiss in business has spread so far that I am lible to be called elsewhere, do make this me last will an' testymint.

"'All me money I lave to me faithful frind, th' Confidintyal Chattel Morgedge comp'ny, which I command to disburse as follows: to me devoted wife, Belinda Ann Snivvy, shall be paid th' sum iv four hun-

dhred dollars per annum, undher th' follow-in' conditions: That she shall niver marry again; that she shall wear a black veil f'r th' rest iv her life in me honor; that she shall go to me grave wanst a week an' dew it with her tears; that she shall be sorry that she often spoke to me th' way she did; that she shall wear suspinded fr'm her neck a photygraft iv me framed in rhinestones; that she shall keep th' ile paintin' iv me in th' parlor in good repair; that she shall not attind anny dance, bankit, theatyre, wake, or other frivolous intertainmint. If she fails to comply with anny iv these conditions or if anny man undher th' age iv eighty is discovered in her neighborhood, or if she is iver seen to laugh in public, I direct me exicutors to cut her off fr'm me bounty an' turn her out on th' wurruld f'r th' heartless flirt she is.

"'To me son Silas I lave th' use iv me horse an' buggy an' two bags iv oats ontil he has arrived at th' age iv forty-five. If at that time he has showed a proper apprecyation iv th' thrust, th' said property shall

pass to his ownership undher condition that me name shall appear in letters a foot high on th' dashboard.

"'Me sicond son Ephraim I have provided f'r already be lettin' him get himsilf a good job in a blacksmith shop.

"'Me son Elias, havin' offinded me be goin' to a baseball game, I desire that he shall get nawthin' fr'm me estate.

"'To me daughter Eliza I lave th' kitchen range in thrust. In this age iv fortune hunters, a father cannot be too careful, hense I direct that she shall not marry ontil she arrives at th' age iv fifty. At that time if she sees fit to bestow her hand on a worthy young man who shall be acciptible to th' loan comity iv me bank, I direct that she shall be paid three dollars a week out iv her mother's allowance, th' said fund to be known as "Th' Gin'rous Eph Snivvy Foundation f'r Indygint Daughters."

"'To me faithful frind an' nurse, Bedalia O'Brien, who has sarved me devotedly f'r twinty years, an' who is now too old f'r other

implymint, I lave me collection iv old medi cine bottles.

"'To William Waldorf Astor I lave m sthraw hat on condition that he changes hi name to Snivvy.

"'To th' mayor iv Venice, Italy, I lav two dollars to erect a monymint to me an alter th' name iv th' town to Snivvyville.

"'Th' rest an' residoo iv me splindid for tune I lave in thrust to me on'y frind, th Confidintyal Chattel Morgedge bank, an direct thim to let it acummylate ontil i amounts to four millyon dollars. This sun they will expind in erectin' a chimbley i white marble an' goold on th' Snivvy glu wurruks, said chimbley to be at laste thirt feet higher thin anny in th' neighborhood with an electric sign, which shall be kep constantly burnin' with th' motto: "Snivvy he done it."'

"Yes, sir; it must be fun makin' a will Think iv th' throuble ye can cause an' th insults ye can hurl at ye'er innimies. I ofte thought 'twud be a fine way iv gettin' aver

with a man I didn't like. Supposin' Hogan an' me had a quarrul an' I didn't have time to write a frindly biography about him, or was afraid I might go first. Nawthin' wud be nater thin to put him in me will. 'I hereby cancel all bequests to me frind Terrence Hogan on account iv his bad habits.'

"I bet he'd be sorry I was gone. How he'd wish he cud have me back again f'r a while.

"I niver see anny wan that enthred into th' spirit iv makin' a will so thurly as our ol' frind Dochney. Ye didn't like him, but I did. I liked him because he was so simple an' sincere. Prudent fellows like ye'ersilf, that spind ye'er lives pilin' up great stores iv good will an' affiction an' a comfortable conscience f'r ye'er old age don't apprecyate a spindthrift like Dochney, who threw all these things away in th' pursuit iv his pleasure, which was makin' money. Ye thought he was a bad man, but I knew him f'r a single-minded, innocint ol' la'ad who niver harmed anny wan excipt f'r gain an' was in-

capable iv falsehood outside iv business. To those who see him in th' rough battle iv life at home or among his neighbors, he may've seemed hard, but we who knew him in th' quiet seclusyon iv th' bank among his recreations, found another Dochney, a cheerful soul, who always had a smile on his face, wrote little verses to th' promissory notes an' cudden't keep his feet still whin th' goold coin clatthered on th' counter. If Dochney had wan fault it was he was too sintimental about money. Men like ye ar-re th' ra-ally rapacyous wans. Ye have nawthin' but desire f'r money. Ye don't want to give it a home an' take care iv it. But Dochney had a tender feelin' f'r it. Tears come to his eyes as he watched it grow. He become so attached to it that no wan cud pry it away fr'm him. An' money reciprocated. Iv'ry dollar he had wurruked f'r him. It wint out an' decoyed another dollar an' aven if it come back ladin' nawthin' more thin a little chickenfeed Dochney wasn't cross about it. He wud pat a nickel on th'

back an' say: 'Ye're small now, but with a little incouragemint we'll make a big sthrappin' dollar out iv ye yet.'

"Dochney lived to an old age, because as th' pote says, 'There's nawthin' like avarice to keep a man young.' Th' Spanyards knew that, whin they sarched f'r th' fountain iv perpetchool youth. They'd heerd th' Indyans had money. Annyhow, Dochney's cheeks wore th' bloom iv usury long afther manny philanthrophists are-re lookin' pale. But th' time come whin somethin' in th' eyes iv his financial frinds told him 'twud be betther not to go downtown again unarmed, an' he retired. He planted his money th' way they do eyesthers an' let it breed, sindin' down wanst a week to haul out enough to sustain life an' puttin' th' rest back in again.

"But this was no life f'r wan that had been an eyesther pirate in his day, an' Dochney begun to pine. I thried to amuse him. I had th' congressman sind him iv'ry day th' new currency bill; I cut out th' repoorts

wanst a week iv th' bankruptcys in th' United States an' Canady an' wurruked th' cash registher f'r him be th' hour, because he liked th' old refrain. But nawthin' did him anny good ontil Dock O'Leary advised him to alter his will. Th' Dock says he always thries this prescription on aged millyonaires afther th' oxygen fails. Wan mornin' Dochney come in lookin' as cheerful as an advertisemint iv a breakfast food an' jinglin' his key ring in his pocket, f'r he niver carrid annything else to jingle, but made a practice iv exthractin' car fare out iv th' gran'childern's bank with a penknife ivry mornin'.

"'Ye're lookin' well, me ol' buccaneer,' said I. 'It's feelin' well I am,' says he, fillin' his pocket fr'm th' cheese bowl. 'I've been with me lawyer all mornin' revisin' me will. I find I've left out a good many ol' frinds. Ye haven't a middle inityal to ye'er name, have ye?' 'Give me a glass iv sas-prilly,' he says. Well, sir; though I knew th' crafty ol' pirate, th' thought suddenly

lept into me head that maybe his heart or his brain had softened an' he'd put me in th' will. In that fatal sicond I bought two autymobills, a yacht, an' a goold watch an' chain an' shook me ol' frinds, an' whin I come to me sinses he'd gone an' hadn't settled f'r th' sas-prilly.

"Well, th' fun he had afther that. All day long he wint around makin' delicate inquiries about people's circumstances an' in th' mornin' he was downtown puttin' something new in his will. He hadn't been a popylar man. He had cashed in th' affections iv his neighbors arly in life. An' prejudices ar-re hard to overcome. But grajaly —that is to say, within a week or ten days —people begun to see that a gr-reat injustice had been done to him. He didn't say annythin' about a will. But he had a way iv askin' people did they spell their name with an aitch or a zee an' puttin' it down in a notebook that was very consoling. His rilitives begun to show a gr-reat inthrest in him an' some iv thim come fr'm as far as

San Francisco to cheer his declinin' years an' form vigilance committees to protect him fr'm fortune hunters. He was niver alone, but always had th' most agreeable s'ciety. 'Twas 'Uncle, that's a fine cough ye have; wudden't ye like to set in this cool draft?' Or 'Cousin Andhrew, tell us that joke ye made las' night. I nearly died laughin' at it, but no wan can tell it like ye'ersilf.'

"He niver took a meal at home. He stopped payin' all bills. He insisted on all babies born in th' ward bein' named afther him. He insulted people an' challenged thim to fight. By an' by th' pa-apers got hold iv him an' always spoke iv him as th' eccenthric philanthropist. Rows if carredges shtud at his dure an' inside iv his house he debated with th' thrustees iv biniv-olint institutions an' prisidints iv colledges about their plans f'r new buildins. Wan iv th' ladin' univarsities sint th' glee club down to serenade him. He was ilicted vice prisidint iv Andhrew Carnaygie's peace comity, thrustee iv th' art museem, director in th'

Home f'r Wan Eyed Owls, an' L. L. D. in Skowhegan univarsity.

"An' all th' time th' wurruld was talkin' about this gr-reat binifacthor all Mrs. Dochney cud find in her cold heart to say was, 'There's no fool like an ol' fool,' an' wint about her housewurruk an' made poultices f'r him whin he come home fr'm the meetin' iv th' s'ciety f'r pathronizin' th' poor, where they'd give him a cold in th' chest fr'm th' hankerchief salute.

"Well, sir, all times, good an' bad, has got to come to an end, an' wan day Dochney come in to see me. 'I think,' says he, 'I'll go home an' go to bed an' stay there. I've finished me will an' me life is no longer safe fr'm th' binificyants. There's a prisidint iv a colledge comin' to town. He's an eager idjacator, an' as I don't want to die with me boots on I think I won't see him. Here's 5 cints I owe ye f'r th' sas-prilly,' he says. An' he wint away an' I niver set eyes on him again. He left a will in five lines, givin' all his money to th' good woman, an'

sayin' that he thought he'd done enough f'r iv'rybody else by keepin' thim in hopes all these years, which is th' on'y pleasure in life."

"I niver cud undherstand a man like Dochney makin' money," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He made it," said Mr. Dooley, "because he honestly loved it with an innocint affiction. He was thrue to it. Th' reason ye have no money is because ye don't love it f'r itsilf alone. Money won't iver surrinder to such a flirt."

FAMOUS MEN

"I SEE," said Mr. Dooley, "that a lot iv people has been asked to make out a list iv th' hundherd gr-reatest men in th' wurruld that ar-re now dead."

"I didn't know there were that manny," said Mr. Hennessy.

"No more did I," said Mr. Dooley. "But judgin' be what's been turned in be th' boys as their pick iv th' wurruld's champeenship team there's not a hundherd—there's a millyon. I don't know most iv thim. They done things in thrades that I know nawthin' about. Ye see, ivry wan that's asked puts down names iv la-ads in their own business. They all start with Shakspeare, Wash'nton, an' Lincoln, but they're lible to wind up with Ephraim Perkins, who was th' champeen calcyminer iv his time.

"'Twas Andhrew Carnaygie started it, iv coorse. There's a man I like. He's good

comp'ny. Whin nobody is talkin' an' some people ar-re thinkin' iv goin' home, he's always ready to jump in and get up some kind iv parlor intertainmint, whether 'tis reyformed spellin', or a peace conference, or a hundhred gr-reatest men compytition.

"Well, he'd no sooner suggisted this rough but injyable spoort thin th' whole wurruld set down an' begun makin' out lists. Ivry man to his graft, as th' sayin' is. A pote picks out a hundherd potes who he thinks ar-re in his class, or nearly so. A banker can't see annybody but Shakspeare, Wash'nton, an' Lincoln excipt th' boys that can separate money with their thumbs. A bartinder tells ye that th' customers he wud like to see on a dull avenin' ar-re Shakspeare, Wash'nton, Lincoln, an' th' janiuses that has had cocktails named afther thim. That's a crowded ordher, but 'tis as sure a way to fame as anny I know. Cinchries fr'm now Col. Rickey will be cillybrated whin people can't raymimber whether it was Roodyard Kipling or Laura Jean Libbey that lived in

Brooklyn. A mannyfacthrer iv furniture acknowledges that th' men that have had most influence on his life were Shakspeare, Wash'nton, Lincoln, an' th' invintor iv curled hair. A grocery man says that his eyes ar-re dimmed with tears ivry time he thinks iv Shakspeare, Wash'nton, Lincoln, an' th' author iv dhried apples. Cassidy, who goes out to Celtic park ivry Sundah an' sprains his back thryin' to throw th' hammer over his feet, thinks that nex' to th' athaleets mentioned Flanagan, who cud throw th' hammer over th' moon if he wanted to, is th' head iv th' list. Ye'er little boy thinks it's th' dhriver iv Hook an' Laddher Five. Ye'er oldest boy thinks it's Cap Chance. Ye'er daughter thinks it's Jawn Dhrew. An author heads th' list with th' two Dutchmen that invinted printin', though Father Kelly says authors was just as well off whin they chalked their own novels on a piece iv slate an' charged people so much a head to look at thim. They were their own publisher in thim days.

"Ask a Chinyman to put down th' hundherd gr-reatest men he iver heerd iv an' ye won't reconize a name onless it reminds ye iv where ye lost a shirt. A German will pack th' list as full iv Germans as a brass band. There'll be nawthin' but Shakspeare an' Fr-rinch in th' Fr-rinch list, an' th' Rooshyan list wud make th' chief iv polis sind out a riot call.

"An' they're right, all iv thim. If Shakspeare goes on th' list because he cud throw a pome farther thin anny man befure or since, Flanagan ought to go on because he can throw th' hammer. Jack Johnson is as gr-reat a man in his way as Prisidint Eliot. They've both got th' punch, but 'tis in a diff'rent way. Look out iv th' window at that fellow acrost th' sthreet climbin' up a derrick with a hammer in wan hand, a monkey wrench between his teeth, an' a bag iv spikes hangin' fr'm his neck. Cud Hogan's frind Milton do that? He cud not no more thin that acrobat cud write 'Shurdan's Ride' or whativer it was. Manny a man that cud

capture this here city with wan hand cudden't bate a carpet. Manny a man that cud rule a hundherd millyon sthrangers with an ir'n hand is careful to take off his shoes in th' front hallway whin he comes home late at night.

"What makes a man gr-reat annyhow? It isn't because he's good, though it may be because he isn't. Manny a hero iv antikity has a pitcher iv somewan else in th' goold watch th' boys in th' office give him f'r Chris'mas. It ain't because he's betther iddycated thin others. There ar-re fellows tachin' school in Waukegan that cud spell betther thin Alexandher th' Gr-reat. It ain't because he's pretty. An album filled with pitchers iv th' gr-reatest cud on'y be opened afther dark. It ain't because they're brave. Manny a man has voted th' Raypublican tickey in Mississippi without aven gettin' his name on th' tally sheet. It ain't because they're forchnit. Th' on'y fellows ye remimber who wint up in flyin' masheens last year ar-re thim that come down too

quick. An' it ain't because they plan things in advance, f'r there was Columbus, whose name is on manny lamp posts, an' he didn't find what he wint lookin' f'r, Hogan tells me, an' it wasn't America he discovered at first but a place called Watling's island that he bumped into on his way to Chiny, th' poor deluded Eyetalyan thinkin' Chiny was somewheres near Phillydelphy.

"So there ye ar-re. Befure ye pick out th' gr-reatest men ye've got to tell me what is ye'er idee iv a gr-reat man. Father Kelly says a man's gr-reat who can do th' wan thing he knows how to do betther thin most annywan else. That is, if he has th' luck to cash in. Be that rule I can prove ye're th' akel iv Joolyus Cayzar, f'r I've obsarved ye'er scientific handlin' iv a shovel, me boy, though I've niver mentioned it f'r fear iv turnin' ye'er head.

"But whin I look over these lists I'm disappinted in not seein' th' mintion iv manny a binifactor iv humanity that I've always looked up to. I'm goin' to make out me

own list. I've as good a right as annywan. An' th' name I'll put down fourth is th' fellow that invinted suspinders. I've often talked to ye about him. He's wan iv me gr-reatest heroes. I don't know his name, but ivry time I look down at me legs an' see they're properly dhraped I think kindly iv this janius. I wanst had an idee that suspinders was wan iv th' oldest iv human institutions. I suppose ivrybody did. That's th' careless way we take th' gr-reat gifts iv science. We think there niver was a time whin there weren't all these convayniences. We have no thought iv th' lone student settin' undher th' midnight lamp an' dopin' thim out f'r th' benefit iv a thankless race. I supposed that th' second thing Adam bought afther he become ashamed iv himself—an' he'd ought not to be goin' around that way aven if 'twas on'y his own fam'ly that cud see him—was a pair iv suspinders to hold thim up.

"But it ain't so. Fr'm what Hogan tells me they're almost what ye might call a mod-

hren invintion. F'r eight thousan' years, accoordin' to Father Kelly's count, or f'r eight thousan' millyon years th' way they add it up in th' colledges, th' wurruld wint without thim till this modest frind iv man come along with an invintion that has made it possible f'r mankind to fight th' battles iv th' wurruld with both hands free. Iver since Hogan told me this I can't read histhry without puttin' in lines that make me shiver. 'Give me liberty or give me death,' says Pathrick Hinnery, raisin' his hands above his head with a passyonate gesture, accordin' to histhry. 'Give me liberty or give me death,' says Pathrick Hinnery, raisin' wan hand above his head, accoordin' to me. No wondher sojers in th' old times were brave. They cudden't run away comfortably. An' I've always wondhered how th' Fr-rinch cud talk at all in thim dark days.

"Who else wud I put on me list? Faith, I don't know. Manny gr-reat devilopments has been made in me line iv business since liquor merchants used to go ar-round sellin'

pints out iv a leather bag. I wud mention th' creators iv th' beer pump, th' cash regis-ther, th' combynation cheese, cracker, an' coffee plate, th' seegar lighter, an' th' in-janyous device f'r cuttin' off th' ends iv seegars which in oncivilized peeroyds was bit off. But I'm willin' to accipt anny man's list so long as it don't include th' invintor iv th' alarm clock an' th' gas meter. I've got thim on me other list.

"'Tis a good sign whin people acknowledge that other people ar-re gr-reat. It shows self-resthraint. It's far aisier to say no man was gr-reat. An' ye can always prove that, f'r there's somethin' th' matther with ivry man, an' if there wasn't he'd be lynched. I wondher who'll be th' gr-reat men iv to-day a hundherd years fr'm now. Lookin' over me contimpraries, I shud say that almost annywan has a chanst. Posterity, Hin-nissy, somethimes likes to vote f'r th' dark horse. There's wan thing ye may be sure iv, an' that is that manny a boy that thinks he's got th' diploma in his bag won't figure

in th' biographical ditchnries. Faith, I wudden't be surprised at all if ye got in ye'ersilf. A hundherd years fr'm now a man may pick up a histhry iv our counthry an' read: 'At this peeryod there ar-rose a remarkable figure in th' person iv Malachi Hinnissy. F'r cinchries th' wurruld had been full iv talk. Now f'r th' first time there appeared a man who cud listen. He was th' foundher iv th' pow'rful school that includes at th' prisint day most iv th' thoughtful men iv th' wurruld.'"

"But I haven't been listenin'," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if ye won't talk an' ye won't listen ye can have ye'er thrunk checked to th' Hall iv Fame to-night. Ye'er ilicted."

AT A SUMMER RESORT

"I SEE be th' pa-apers," said Mr. Hennessy, "that ivrybody is out iv town."

"So they ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "With th' exciption iv two or three millyon citizens who're detained here be business or remooncrative labor, like ye'ersilf an' me, all our popylation is away somewheres bein' fanned be coolin' breezes fr'm a pa'm leaf fan. There's nawthin' f'r us poor dwellers in this desarted village to do but take off our coats an' vests, onhitch our suspinders, switch on th' ilithric fan, put another chunk iv ice in th' pitcher, an' make th' best iv our mis'rable condition."

"Life must be very injyeable in thim summer resorts," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It is," said Mr. Dooley. "It's a great thing to be rich an' be able to lave th' torrid heat iv th' city where there's always a shady side to th' sthreet an' duck to a place where

if a man owns a lot with anny shade in it he puts a fence around it an' charges admission. Wanst whin I had let all me debts accumylate till I was rich beyond th' fondest dhreams iv avarice, I took a vacation an' spint it at a summer resort. Wan mornin' I picked up an illusthrated wurruk iv fiction sint to me pers'nally, mind ye, be th' proprietor iv th' Wild Waves hotel at Elysyum-be-th'-Lake. There was a pitcher in this here docymint iv a stately palace with flags flyin' fr'm ivry corner an' beautiful ladies walkin' up an' down th' veranda or swingin' idly in hammocks. At th' front steps iv th' hotel a carredge with a pair iv prancin' bays was dhrawn up. Out in front a little girl was rollin' a hoop an' there was a tennis coort with two fair queens iv s'ciety in muslin an' two college lads in white flannel pants, th' sketch bein' marked: 'Micks doubles at th' Wild Waves.' Through a window iv th' hotel ye cud see a gintleman iv me own age playin' a game iv fifteen ball pool, an' out on th' lake at laste a hundherd white-wing

yachts was sailin' over th' surface iv th' blooest ink that th' printer cud buy f'r money. 'Always cool,' says this valentine. 'Splindid fishin', swimmin', sailin', an' out iv dure spoorts. Eggs, poulthry, viggytables, an' milk fr'm our own farm.'

"'Well,' says I to mesilf, 'here's where I jump aboard. This Hiven on arth is th' place f'r me to freckle in. I will put Gallagher in charge iv th' fountain an' hie me thither.' So I bought a yard iv thransportation an' wint on me way.

"Th' brakeman rassled me out iv th' car at a place that had wanst been a lumber town, but was run down. Th' principal occypation iv th' citizens at prisint is dhrivin' a hack. They were attindin' to business whin I arrived, an' they give me a rile welcome like th' Kaiser wud get if he poked his nose through th' gate. Each wan iv thim had a whip that he stuck in me eyes as he said: 'Carredge, Cap? Gran' View hotel, Palace hotel, Plisint Prospect house,' an' so on. 'I want to go to th' Wild Waves hotel,'

says I. 'Here, Mike,' says wan iv th' charioteers, 'here's another fellow that's fallen f'r ye'er dump.' 'This way,' says Mike, seizin' me be th' arm an' flingin' me into th' identical 'bus that brought Long Jawn Wentworth to Chicago an' dhrawn be th' same dhromedaries. Th' ol' coach was in an excillint state iv presarvation an' th' hotel man had restored it be layin' red brussels carpets on th' benches.

"This museem piece was fairly well filled at th' time be ladies an' their offspring, but I managed to find a place be settin' partly on th' seat nearest th' dure an' partly on a child iv six summers ajacent to me. Th' little pet stopped cryin' at wanst, an' I got a warm look iv gratichood fr'm th' child's mother, who come an' grabbed her away an' called her a boor. In fact, all th' looks in th' 'bus be this time was warm, an' th' ladies, though beautiful, as is their way in me eyes, were a little out iv curl. An' ye might say it was a warm day if ye were not undher oath. It was th' kind iv a day

whin railroad firemen get sunsthruck on their way home. Hogan says th' sun is sixty-three millyon miles fr'm th' arth. I don't know how he knows. Maybe he paced it. But I found it was nearer th' hotel thin th' lake.

"Well, sir, afther a long argymint between th' dhriver an' th' horses, conducted, I thought, with an onnecessary display iv temper be Mike, but with th' ca'mness iv ripe ol' age be th' horses, these chargers consinted to dhraw us away fr'm th' railroad property befure we cud be run in as threspassers. It was plain that th' horses did not want to go back to th' hotel, although they did not take their meals there. So we were rushed, or, ye might say, bounced, through a sthreet lined with handsome wood houses occypied be Armeenyans an' Greeks sellin' ol' Turkish rugs, ol' furniture, ol' silver, ol' fruit, an' so on. We passed th' heart iv th' city. I've often heerd iv th' heart iv a city an' wondhered why it was so called. P'raps it's because there's where th'

banks ar-re located. Annyhow, we dashed on an' on an' up an' down, through th' heart iv th' city, an' at a place which I guessed must be th' spinal colyum Mike cried 'Ho,' yanked frantically at th' reins, an' applied th' brakes. But too late. Th' horses had already stopped, an' we found oursilves in front iv a buildin' that I instantly recognized fr'm th' pitcher be what Mike told me as th' Wild Waves hotel; but, O! how changed fr'm th' time whin it set f'r its photygraft. It was th' same hotel, but th' blush had fled fr'm its shingles. Th' flags flew no more, but had flown. Th' lake had gone back three miles an' its site was occypied be a coalyard, th' tennis coort had moved around to th' back yard an' was full iv clotheslines, th' little girl with th' hoop had grown up, got married, an' wint to Sheboygan to live, an' th' prancin' bays pranced no longer. On th' spacyous veranda, or front stoop, th' on'y s'ciety lady I cud see was wan iv about me own age an' figure who was settin' in a rockin' chair rockin'.

"She was a great rocker, this lady. I've seen manny a good rocker, but she was th' best I iver did see. I'd back her again th' wurruld in a long distance rockin' compytition. They were lots iv other rockers in th' hotel. Most iv th' ladies some time durin' th' afthernoon come out an' took a canter f'r two or three hours, an' some iv thim were pretty fair. But they were just fair. None iv thim was in th' class with me little frind. She was on th' thrack at 9 o'clock, an' with th' exciption iv a few minyits out f'r refrishmints she niver paused till th' lights were doused. I figured out that she had done about a hundherd miles a day.

"Well, annyhow, I carrid me portmanty into th' horsetelry, as Hogan wud say, an' approachin' a young fellow who was lookin' at somethin' on th' ceilin' I ast f'r a room. 'Boy,' says he, 'show th' gent to iliven forty-three.' 'I'd like a bath,' says I. 'A what?' says he. 'A bath,' says I. 'Didn't ye take wan befure ye left?' says he. 'I did,' says I, 'but I lost it again on th' thrain.' 'Well,'

says he, 'I'll speak to th' boss about it an' maybe he can put ye on th' waitin' list. But it's sthrange ye shud come so far f'r a bath. Have ye no other resources f'r amusin' ye'ersilf?' he says.

"Be this time an' urchin had seized me valise, an' whin he called out, 'This way, ol' scout,' I followed him up sivral, or it may've been sivral dozens, iv thim means iv thransportation that some wag has called flights iv stairs. Up we flew to th' rafters, where he led me into a room that fitted me as though I'd been measured f'r it. 'Th' hotel must be crowded,' says I. 'O, no,' says he. 'Th' rush hasn't begun yet. There's no wan on th' roof an' on'y wan fam'ly is usin' th' pool table,' he says.

"Afther spindin' a few minyits standin' on a chair lookin' out iv me dormer window at a magnificint prospect iv th' roof iv th' hotel laundhry, I wint downstairs an' says I to th' clerk: 'I haven't played lawn tennis f'r years, if iver,' says I. 'If ye will inthrajooce me to some young college fellow an'

lend me a ball an' a club an' a pair iv white pants I'd like to take a smash at him f'r a couple iv innings.' 'I'm sorry,' he says, 'but th' coort's in use. It's wash day.' 'Well, thin,' says I, 'cud ye stir up some masther iv th' iv'ries to play me a game iv fifteen ball pool?' 'Too bad,' says he, 'but th' pool balls ar-re at th' plumber's havin' their wounds dhressed with putty. I cud lend ye a couple iv potatoes if ye like to knock thim around till th' occypants iv th' table ar-re ready to retire,' he says. 'I'd advise ye to take th' potatoes. They're somewhat rounder thin th' balls,' he says. 'Thin can ye direct me to th' lake?' I says. 'Gladly,' says he. 'Take th' throlley at th' carner an' thransfer at Cass sthreet. Thin walk through Spry's lumber yard an' acrost th' Mitchigan Centhral thracks beyant th' grain ilivator an' ye'll find th' lake. At laste,' he says, 'I think ye will. I niver see it, but I'm told it's there.' 'I wanst see a pitcher iv this hotel,' says I. 'Was th' photygrafter a man iv good habits?' says I.

'O yes,' says he, 'but while th' pitcher was bein' took th' boss come out an' talked into th' camera. Th' boss' convarsation wud color a rainbow so ye wudden't know it.' 'Well,' says I, 'I suppose there's nawthin' f'r me to do but go to dinner.' 'Alas,' says he, 'I fear not.' He was a jovyal an' sarcastic man an' I liked him. He told me he was pining to go on his vacation to Saint Looey, which th' doctor had ricominded on account iv its summer climate.

"So I sauntered into th' dinin' room, which I aisily located be th' rich aromy iv viands an' th' rustle iv crockery. A former king iv Dahomey who presided over th' bankit hall, without hearin' me definse, waved me into a chair alongside th' lady iv th' rockin' chair. 'Madam,' says I, thinkin' to pass th' time in an innocint flirtation, 'how's the rockin' today?' She made no reply, but rose an' hastened to her faithful steed. Thin a young an' thoroughly colored fellow, a nice fellow in his own way, which he always was, hove alongside, an' afther nately clanin' th'

tablecloth into me lap handed me a bill iv fare that looked like th' tariff schedule on farm products. It was a magnificent procession iv victuals marchin' five abreast, with the right restin' on olives an' th' left on a dimmytasse iv coffee. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'this is surely ragal.' An' I told th' waiter I wud play it up an' down and both sides. But whin he come in balancin' a thray as large as that table on th' tip iv his finger an' all occypied be little dishes with nourishment in thim I was ashamed iv meself. 'How exthravagant us Americans ar-re,' says I. 'Here is food enough to sustain a whole Europeen fam'ly. What a waste,' says I. 'Th' on'y way ye can waste th' food in this hotel,' said a sad voice near me, 'is be atin' it.' But me neighbor was too severe. It was an excillint reepast in th' style invinted be that prince iv epicoors th' late George M. Pullman. Th' viggytables was without question fr'm th' farm, although th' ol' place may've changed gr-reatly since they left it to follow th' lure iv th' city. 'Am I correctly

informed,' says I to th' waiter, 'in thinkin' that all th' viggytables on th' table comes fr'm th' hotel's own cannery?' 'That's right, judge,' says he. 'An' th' milk?' 'We condinse our own milk, cap,' he replied proudly. 'Do ye ate here?' says I. 'No, indeedy, dock,' says he. 'I have a comfortable home,' he says.

"Th' dinin' room was a magnificent sight. Ye cudden't bate it in anny Europeen counthry. No rile coort cud show so manny beautiful dhressed ladies with so manny sparklin' jools flashin' in th' sunlight. I niver thought there was so much precious jims unpawned in th' wurruld as graced th' fair necks, fingers, ears, an' hair iv these charmers. I ain't much at appraisin' th' fiminine harness, but 'twud be a good guess to say that th' decorations riprisinted an invistmint iv close on five millyon dollars. Thim were th' clerk's figures. It made me proud iv me counthry. An' whin all this conflagration hobbled out onto th' front porch an' begun rockin' ye cudden't look at

it f'r more thin a minyit at a time without a headache. On'y I noticed that th' ladies didn't look jovyal. They niver smiled, but their lovely faces wore an exprissyon iv fierce detarmination such as I've sildom seen on th' face iv a man but whin he was in mortal combat.

"Me mournful frind iv th' dinner table set alongside iv me an' explained it to me. 'Wud ye be lookin' merry if ye was in a rasslin' match f'r ye'er socyal standin'?' says he. 'This ain't play,' says he. 'It's a tur-rble compytition, a sort iv a tournymint where manny ar-re slain. There are enthries fr'm all parts iv th' counthry an' there ain't an hour in th' afthernoon or avenin' whin ye won't see a dozen lively encounthers. D'ye see that blonde lady in purple walkin' down th' porch—th' wan with th' dimon tiary in her hat? She's issuin' a defi to th' lady in green in th' front row. I think she loses this round, but she won't be baten in th' end. She'll pull something out iv th' thrunk this afthernoon that'll get her th'

money. It's a wonderhful sight, but,' he says, 'I wisht I was to home.'

"'Why did ye come here?' says I. 'That's th' raison,' says he, pintin' to a lady who had sivral furlongs iv dimons around her neck an' wore besides a pink plush dhress slashed up th' side an' at laste wan purple stockin' that I cud see. 'An' why does she come here?' says I. 'D'ye suppose,' says he, 'that she'd waste thim illuminations on th' home folks?' he says. 'No, sir. She's been comin' here f'r twinty years, an' she's aisily th' champeen iv th' place. I don't like to boast,' he says, openin' his allypacky coat an' thrustin' his thumbs undher his suspinders, 'but,' he says, with his mild blue eyes full iv a sudden fire, 'I got five hundred dollars to bet she's th' best dhressed female in th' Mississippi valley fr'm Duluth to Baton Rouge. She's come here with forty thrunks full iv upholstery an' a steel safe crowded with precyous glassware, an' whin she's oncovered thim all she'll make th' rest iv thim women feel that they got their wrappers

fr'm th' foundlings' home,' he says. 'But,' he says, resoomin' his plaintiff tone an' lookin' wistfully at his congress gaiters, 'jus' th' same I'd give annything to be back home on me own porch, with me coat off, watchin' th' merry throng go by.' 'An' where do ye live whin ye ain't here?' says I. 'In Gary, Indyanny,' says he. 'Well,' thinks I, 'Gary is a handsome an' prosp'rous city an' it turned out more steel rails last year thin ayether Rome or Venice. But if a man fr'm Gary pines to go home, what's keepin' a citizen iv th' methropolus iv th' west here?' An' I wint into th' hotel, tore me valise fr'm th' rosin on th' flure, subjicted mesilf to a search at th' hands iv th' cashier, an' left th' scene iv splindor f'river. Arrivin' in our fair city, I found it as gay as usual. Th' sthreets were full iv life an' crowded with th' happy peasanthry; I see a man thrun out iv a resthrant befure I'd gone a block, an' injine 5 was jus' turnin' out f'r a fire as I passed. Whin I got home I switched on th' ilicthric fan an' put some ice an' something

to melt it with in a pitcher, an' Hogan come in an' we played siven up till 4 in the marnin', whin he turned a jack an' I put out th' lights."

DRINK AND POLITICS

"SURE, it's a sthrange change has come over our pollyticks since I was captain iv me precinct. We ar-re fallen, as Hogan says, on iffiminate days. Th' hardy an' gloryous peeryod in th' histhry iv th' republic has passed, an' th' times whin Hinnery Clay an' Dan'l Webster wud sit f'r hours pushin' th' scuttle to an' fro acrost th' table has gone to return no more. Booze an' iloquence has both passed out iv our public life. No longer is th' gr-reat statesman carried to th' platform be loving hands an' lashed to th' railin' where him an' King Alcohol sings a duet on th' splindors iv th' blue sky an' th' onfadin' glories iv th' flag, but afther atin' a pepsin tablet an' sippin' a glass iv light gray limonade he reads to th' assimbled multitchood th' financial repoort iv th' Standard Ile comp'ny f'r th' physical year endin' June first.

"Mind ye, all this was befure my time.

In my day I niver knew a gr-reat statesman that dhrank, or if he did he niver landed anny job betther thin clerk in th' weather office. But as Hogan says Shakspeare says, they pretinded a vice if they had it not. A pollytician was a baten man if th' story wint around that he was sildom seen dhrunk in public. His aim was to create an imprissyon that he was a gay fellow, a joyval toss pot, that thought nawthin' iv puttin' a gallon iv paint into him durin' an avenin's intertainment. They had to exercise diplomacy, d'ye mind, to keep their repytations goin'. Whin Higgins was runnin' f'r sheriff he always ordhered gin an' I always give him water. Ye undherstand, don't ye? Ye know what gin looks like? Well, wather looks like gin. Wan day Gallagher took up his glass be mistake an' Higgins lost th' precinct be forty votes. Sinitor O'Brien held a bolder coorse. He used to dump th' stuff on th' flure whin no wan was lookin' an' go home with a light foot while I swept out his constitooents. Yes, sir, I've seen

him pour into th' sawdust quarts an' gallons iv me precious old Remorse Rye, aged be me own hands on th' premises.

"Th' most onpopylar prisidint we iver had was Rutherford B. Hayes—an' why? Was it because he stole th' prisidincy away fr'm Sam'l J. Tilden? It was not. Anny wan wud steal a prisidincy fr'm a Dimmycrat in thim days an' think th' larceny was pathriotism. No, sir, 'twas because whin people wint up to th' White House they got nawthin' to dhrink but sparklin' wather, a bivridge, Hinnissy, that is nayether cheerin' nor ineebratin', but gives ye th' most inconvanient part iv a deebauch, that is th' hiccups. Fr'm 8 o'clock, whin they set down to dinner, to 8:30, whin th' last southren congressman ran shriekin' down th' sthreet, this gr-reat but tactless man pumped his guests full iv imprisoned gas. An' whin his term expired he wint back where he come fr'm an' I niver heerd iv him again. Pollytickally speakin', d'ye mind, he wint down, as ye might say, to a wathry grave.

"But it's all changed now. Pollyticians no longer come into me place. I'm glad iv it. I prefer th' thrade iv prosp'rous steel mannyfacthrers like ye'ersilf. It's more reg'lar. A statesman wud no more be seen goin' into a saloon thin he wud into a meetin' iv th' Anti-Semitic league. Th' imprissyon he thries to give is that th' sight iv a bock beer sign makes him faint with horror, an' that he's stopped atin' bread because there's a certain amount iv alcohol concealed in it. He wishes to brand as a calumy th' statement that his wife uses an alcohol lamp to heat her curlin' irns. Ivry statesman in this broad land is in danger iv gettin' watherlogged because whiniver he sees a possible vote in sight he yells f'r a pitcher iv ice wather an' dumps into himsilf a basin iv that noble flooid that in th' more rugged days iv th' republic was on'y used to put out fires an' sprinkle th' lawn."

ON HOME LIFE

"Th' newspa-apers ar-re a gr-reat blessing," said Mr. Dooley. "I don't know what I'd do without thim. If it wasn't f'r thim I'd have no society fit to assocyate with—on'y people like ye'ersilf an' Hogan. But th' pa-apers opens up life to me an' gives me a speakin' acquaintance with th' whole wurruld. If th' King iv England happens to take a dhrop too much an' fall an' skin his elbow, I have it as quick as I wud th' news iv a bad break be th' head iv th' Hinnissy dynasty. I know more about th' Impror iv Chiny thin me father knew about th' people in th' next parish. An' if there's wan thing I want to write to th' iditor iv th' pa-aper an' thank him about an' sign th' letter 'Pro Bono Publico' it is th' peek he gives us ivry wanst in a while into th' homes iv th' arrystocracy iv our own neighborhood. Ye go by wan iv these

magnificent brick mansions, ye see th' automobill dash up, ye see th' jook step out an' run up th' stairs, ye see th' head hired man in knee breeches open th' dure an' ye think to ye'ersilf: 'I bet ye thim people ar-re onhappy.' Ivrything must be cold an' cheerless within, there's so much room. Ye think iv th' gr-reat cap iv industhree settin' in a marble hall surrounded be gr-rand piannies, plush chairs, onyx cuspydors an' all th' ividences iv wealth an' refinement that money an' art can supply. He's so far away fr'm th' rest iv th' fam'ly that whin he wants to talk to thim he has to whistle f'r th' butler to take th' message. Ivrybody is polite an' oncomfortable. If a man has a jook f'r a son-in-law ye don't think he can iver cut loose an' be himsilf. There can't be anny freedom in such surroundings. Th' week passes without a youbedam'd. Ivrything is like it is in a novel. It's: 'Jook, have another saucerful iv tea.' 'Will ye'er grace jine me in a tub iv champagne.' 'Can I throuble ye'er grace to pass th' ketchup.'

Ye wondher why th' millionaire isn't down at th' corner saloon ivry night thryin' to pick a fight with th' bartinder. Ye feel sorry f'r th' rich in their resthricted lives.

"But ye're wrong, Hinnissy, ye're wrong. Th' life iv th' rich is far more home-like thin ye think. There's much more fam'ly feelin' thin ye imagine. Takin' thim all in all an' I don't think ye need to pity thim. A longshoreman doesn't have to walk so far to take a kick at his son-in-law, but thin look at th' amount iv furniture a millyonaire has to throw at anny mimber iv th' fam'ly that don't agree with him. A fam'ly man down on th' dhrainage canal that is thryin' to discipline his relations is limited in ammynition. Afther he's used four chairs, th' plates, a vinegar bottle, th' baby an' a glass case iv artyficyal flowers, he has to rethreat to th' kitchen an' defind it again a younger an' more injanyous man. But th' aged millyonaire has a thousand little objecks iv art that he can hurl, an' if he misses with th' Venus de Midicy, he can flatten th' jook out

with a ginooyine Rembrandt. No sir, ye needn't pity th' rich. They have their own nachral injyemints iv life an' they ought to be happy.

"I was readin' about it in th' pa-aper an' it made me long f'r a little loose change more thin annything I've seen in manny a day. It seems that wan iv our most prom'nent capytalists, Mulligan J. Billhooley, had give his daughter in marredge to a Fr-rinch jook. This sign iv a foreign arrystocracy come to America to live with his wife's parents, an' properly so, as Mulligan J. Billhooley did not dare to thrust large sums iv money to th' mails. Th' nobleman made himsilf at home at wanst. There's very little diff'rence between th' arrystocracies iv anny counthries. They're all alike. Blood will tell, an' th' nobility iv th' wurruld are always aisy with each other whether their title dates back to Agincourt or South Bend.

"Th' jook was noble be birth, his fam'ly havin' done no wurruk since th' middle iv th' foorteenth cinchry. Th' Billhooley es-

cutcheon was splashed be a few years that th' old arrystocrat had put in as a stone mason, but that's something we won't talk about. At th' prisint moment no fam'ly has a betther ratin' in Bradsthreet's peerage thin th' Billhooley's. Th' jook's nobility was older but Billhooley's was longer an' more aisily neegotyable at th' meat market.

"Well, sir, th' inthercoorse iv these two gr-reat noblemen was charmin', parfectly aisy an' simple, like a reunion in a Bohaymian fam'ly out at th' yards. I'll give ye an exthract fr'm th' divoorce news about thim: 'Whin they set down to th' table wan night f'r supper, th' duchess happened to pass th' reemark that th' jook was overthrained in th' matther iv dhrink. His grace was nachrally indignant an' slammed her in th' eye. This aggytated Misther Billhooley to such an extint that he uppercut th' jook to th' pint iv jaw, sendin' him through a bank iv pa'ms. Th' jook hurled a small jooled clock at th' proud old man an' th' engagement become gin'ral. Th' jook was holdin'

his own well in th' fam'ly council, havin' ar-rmed himsilf with a small marble statue called "Prayer" whin an old retainer iv th' fam'ly, Sam Johnson be name, who had been with th' Billhooley's fr'm his arliest childhood excipt whin he was with th' Pullman Comp'ny, took a hand in th' discussion. This vin'rable depindant, angered at th' assault on his beloved masther, charged into th' room, felled his grace with a bottle an' was stampin' on his head whin th' polis come in. It is said th' throuble has caused an esthrangement in th' fam'ly. Th' jook has accipted a position on th' vodyville stage where he will do a monologue on th' fam'ly secrets, an' his father-in-law announces that he will be prisint on th' openin' night an' carry along a hatful iv bricks.'

"That's what I call fam'ly life. There's what that there beautiful writer, Laura Jaen, wud call a note iv sweet domisticity about it. Ye needn't throuble ye'er head about th' rich. Don't think iv thryin' to improve their home-lives. It isn't up to ye to or-

ganize a comity an' thry an' teach fam'ly fights to th' millyonaires on Mitchigan avnoo. If ye broke into th' stateliest stone home ye might find thim shootin' th' dishes at each other. We don't often hear iv their rale home life because th' neighbors don't complain. Most iv th' time all we know about how they live is an inventhry iv th' furniture. But now an' thin we get a glimpse like this to show that American home life is still uncorrupted be gr-reat wealth an' that th' noblest in our land will lick their son-in-laws if they thry to borrow money fr'm thim."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "it's a shame these rich American girls shud marry these foreign noblemen."

"It's th' on'y chanst they've got," said Mr. Dooley. "A young American business man isn't goin' to sell his heart f'r goold an' thin prob'bly on'y get it in small installments in a pay envelope on Saturdah night. He sizes th' matther up in his simple way an' says he to himsilf: 'I wud hate to have to

wurruk f'r me wife th' rest iv me life. I want this old gintleman's money, but th' on'y way f'r me to get it is in th' marts iv thrade. Annyhow, I'll have a betther chanst at it outside th' fam'ly thin in,' he says. An' there ye ar-re."

ON FOOD IN WAR

"This here war they're havin' in Europe," said Mr. Hennessy, "is lastin' th' long time."

"I'm sorry it's borin' ye it is," said Mr. Dooley. "'Twill be very disappintin' to th' fellows that put it on at gr-reat expinse an' thim that ar-re actin' in it, to know ye're beginnin' to yawn. It's hard to satisfy some people. I thought ye were injyin' it. Look at all th' increased prosperity it's brought ye. Why, two year ago ye'er wheelbarrow was empty half th' time an' now 'tis always full an' ye ar-re fair staggrin' undher th' increased ordhers iv th' Steel Company. No wondher Claud Kitchin an' th' other brave fellows at Wash'nton ar-re thryin' to stop ye'er neefaryous thraffic with th' Alleys an' put ye on half time. They're th' wur-r-ukin'men's friends, thim boys. Bein' above manyal labor thimsilves their motto is half time f'r th' t'ilin' masses.

"There's nawthin' a pathriotic Southren Congressman likes betther thin to rejooce th' wur-r-ukin' days iv their fellow Dimmycrats iv th' North. They're not against war. They're against wur-r-uk. An' they're right.

"No, sir. I don't know whin 'twill come to an end an' no more does anywan else. Fightin', Hinnissy, is a recreation that people is slow to lave off. Th' Germans ar-re thryin' to lick th' Fr-rinch an' they'll niver do it while th' Dutch is Dutch an' th' Fr-rinch is Fr-rinch. Th' English is thryin' to starve out th' Germans, that bein' th' way that looks best, mind ye, to an Englishman to subjoo an inimy. But ye can't starve a German onless ye blow up th' breweries. Besides, th' Germans ar-re an injanyous people. Wan iv them gits up in th' mornin', puts on a suit iv clothes made be th' corner dhruggist out iv coal tar an' goes down to th' caffy or ratskellar an' ates a hearty breakfast iv shavins covered with smeerkase an' a couple iv kags iv lager. He's just as well off as though he'd had his

usual mornin' meal iv noodle soup, pig's feet an' wurtzberger. Iv course th' household pets may be nervous. I wuddint blame thim. Whin little Gretchen looks at her pet canary in th' cage, th' feathered warbeler knows she ain't admirin' his singin'. She's thinkin' how good he wud taste if stuffed with onions. An' th' faithful ol' dachshund sleeps beside th' porcelain stove with wan eye open, ready to bite th' hand that wud feed off him.

"No, sir, 'tis almost impossible to starve a counthry out. Gin'rally speakin', me boy, th' stomach iv a counthry is a gr-reat pathrite an' can get along on iron filin's if nawthin' betther is on th' bill iv fare. All it wants is a little healthy exercise an' something to amuse it. Why, sir, I used to know an ex-Confedhrate sojer—how did I know he was an ex-Confedhrate? Because he niver give th' rebel yell whin th' band played 'Dixie.' He was a bony-fide rale wan. He was an eccentric charackter. He owned less thin two hundhred slaves whin th' war bruk out an' he didn't lave th' ol' plantation to jine Massa

Bob, but was dhrafted off a hose-cart in Richmond. He told me that th' Confedhrate ar-rmy had practically nawthin' to ate but popcorn an' Confedhrate money that they made into a salad with axle-grease. But did they fight? Well, ye ask anny Southrener did they fight. Ask Claud Kitchin did they fight. He'll have to admit it. It will give him pain an' he'll apologize, but he'll have to say they did or stay at home next winter.

"Well, annyhow, this frind iv mine told me that if Gin'ral Lee and Gin'ral Grant hadn't been such old frinds they'd be fightin' yet. But it appears that Gin'ral Grant got tired an' wint over wan afthernoon an' see Gin'ral Lee settin' undher an apple three an' says he: 'Gin'ral,' says he, 'let's talk it over.' 'All right,' says Gin'ral Lee, 'but I was just finishin' me plans to massacree ye in th' mornin'.' ''Tis lucky I called,' says Gin'ral Grant. 'Let's go inside,' says he. 'Very well,' says Gin'ral Lee, 'but 'twill spile th' story about th' ol' apple three.' 'Ye can't spile histhry be makin' it unthrue,'

says Gin'ral Grant. 'Besides, there ain't anny ol' apple three here,' he says. So th' two ol' fellows went inside. Gin'ral Grant looked awful sloppy, bein' dhressed in a hand-me-down unyform, with his pants tucked in his boots, but Gin'ral Lee he was lit up fine, in gray broadcloth, with goold eppylets an' patent-leather shoes an' spats an' a gr-reat soord with dimon's on th' hilt. An' whin they got in th' house Gin'ral Lee says: 'Well, what can I do f'r ye, me good fellow?' 'Well,' says Gin'ral Grant, 'it seems to me 'tis time this jam was ended. If ye'll ask ye'er fellows to quit lickin' us an' go home quite, I'll sind me boys back too. Each iv ye'er warryors can take his revolver so he can engage in commercyal pursoots as iv yore, an' they can go home an' rule th' South an' such iv thim as wants to can come North an' take all th' good jobs,' he says. 'Very well,' says Gin'ral Lee, 'if ye're so pussylanimous there's nawthin' f'r me to do but accipt ye'er surrinder. Hand over ye'er soord,' he says. 'I haven't

got anny,' says Gin'ral Grant, 'but I'll give ye a good see-gar.' 'I don't smoke,' says Gin'ral Lee, haughtily, turnin' on his heel an' callin' f'r his charger, lavin' Gin'ral Grant to go home be throlley. An' the gallant boys in gray received th' news with a cheer, an' set fire to their capital an' th' inimy put it out, an' they rode home on their mules an' took th' banjo out iv th' hand iv th' Ethyopyan freedman an' hit him over th' head with it an' sint him back to wurruk, only this time they refused to board him. An' iver since thin th' South has been runnin' th' Governmint ayther fr'm th' inside or fr'm th' outside. They're ayther throwin' plates in th' dinin'-room or hurlin' bricks through th' window. An' that's th' histhry iv th' Civil War as I heerd it fr'm th' lips iv a man who was prisint at th' time."

ON OLD AGE

"I'm gettin' old," said Mr. Hennessy. "I had me sixtieth birthday yisterday."

"I wudden't have said ye were within ten years iv sixty," said Mr. Dooley. "I bet Hogan last year that ye were siventy-wan. But I might've known betther. Whin a man gets to be over siventy he boasts iv his age. Whin he passes eighty he's very lible to lie about it. An' whin he's ninety he will throw his wig in th' face iv anny man who insinyates that he ain't th' oldest man in th' wurruld.

"Wan iv th' most savage combats I've iver had in this place was between old man Casey an' Hogan's father. They're both about eighty-two. There's a month or two's diff'rence between thim, but in champeenship records iv this kind a month counts like inches in th' broad jump. A man iv eighty-six looks down on a man iv eighty-five, re-

ceives his callow opinyons with a supercilyous smile, an' if he talks too much tells him to shut up.

"To hear these two athleets discuss their scores ye'd think they were Matt McGraw an' Jawn Flannagan talkin' about th' hammer throw. They started in be concedin' that Methusalem was not in their class at all. Their gin'ral idee was that he had died iv cholery infantum. But whin it come to comparin' ages nayether wan iv thim wud admit that th' other come within five years iv bein' as fine a man as himsilf. They proved their age be th' historical ivints they'd seen. I niver knew befure that night that Misther Hogan was at th' battle iv Watherloo or that Misther Casey had been wan iv Robert Immitt's pallbearers. Misther Casey was muttherin' somethin' about bein' an aidy camp f'r King James at th' battle iv th' Boyne whin his grandson who's in th' fire departmint come to take him home. Whin he had gone ol' man Hogan says to me: 'Young man, that fellow is an imposter.

Don't ye iver thrust him. He's claimin' to be ninety, an' I'd bet he's not a day over siventy-nine if he's that.' 'How old ar-re ye, Misther Hogan?' says I. 'I'm ninety-siven,' says he. 'I was bor-rn on th' eighth day iv March, eighteen hundherd an' forty,' he says.

"It's pleasant to think that on'y very young men an' very old men pritind to be older thin they ar-re. Th' attimpt iv a young fellow to wheedle th' hair into growin' on his upper lip an' Misther Hogan pretindin' he is ninety-siven ar-re th' same idee. They know ye can't amount to annything onless ye ar-re old. Iv coorse ye'er son an' Misther Hogan have a diff'rent theery iv what age is old age. Ye'er boy thinks that whin a man gets to be forty th' neighbors ought to take him out in th' alley, put a bag over his head, an' hit him with a hammer. Old man Hogan ain't sure that a man ought to vote onless he is at laste eighty. It's about that time iv life that th' bones ar-re hardened, th' head closes up an' stops growin', an' a

citizen is fit to be enthrusted with th' jooties in life.

"'Tis strange how we look down on thim that are younger thin us. It's th' same with a man iv sixty as it is with a schoolboy iv sixteen. Nayther iv thim thinks th' fellows under him amount to annything. It shocks me to read that so manny valyable lives shud iv been enthrusted durin' th' war to Gin'ral Grant, who was on'y forty. Whin th' Republican con-vintion was here I was par'lyzed to see th' son iv an old frind iv mine come out on th' platform to make a speech. I thought th' con-vintion had took a recess an' they'd brought him in to intertain thim with a raycitation, or maybe he was a boy soprano. Says I to mesilf: 'Poor little fellow, it's too bad to make him do such thricks. Infant projidies niver come to anny good end. His mother ought to be ashamed iv hersilf.' But whin he spoke I discovered that th' little rogue had a voice like a thrombone an' instead iv singin' 'Silver Threads Amongst th' Gould' he was debatin' a p'int

iv ordher again' a vitrin iv th' Civil War who looked afraid iv him.

"I aftherwards larned that th' spiled darlin' was th' father iv a fam'ly, th' head iv a dillygation, th' author iv siv'ral iv th' most consarvitive planks in th' platform, an' called Elihoo Root 'Elihoo,' th' same as I do, who ar-re his akel.

"Middle age is th' on'y age. If I live to be a million I'll be as old as I was whin I was fifty. I rememb̃er well th' day whin Father Time laid his hands on me. He'd been foolin' with me hair f'r some time, whitenin' th' edges iv it an' pullin' out a spear or two iv vigytation now an' thin. But I give him no heed till he got tired iv warnin' me through me head an' made an attackt on me legs. I mind well th' day whin I got me notice that I was no longer immortal.

"I've told ye that in me time I was a gran' futball player. I suppose I cud kick a futball as fur as anny gun in th' wurruld cud fire a shell. 'Twas fr'm watchin' me

kick that th' navy got their idee iv long-distance shootin'. Wan day I was out on th' peerary an' I see a lot iv fellows playin' at futball. Says I to thim: 'Stand aside, boys, an' lave an ol' champeen show ye how to do it. I'll kick it to'rds th' west so it won't fall into th' lake. Some iv ye had betther get on a car now an' go afther it.'

"Thin, whin all was r-ready, I threw off me coat, took a short run, an' give a mighty kick. I didn't miss th' ball be much, th' spectators said, not more thin a yard or two, but I missed it, an' a man fr'm Barnum's circus come around th' nex' day an' offered me a large sum iv money if I cud repeat in public th' back summersault that I done. He said it was th' mos' darin' act he had iver witnessed. Dock O'Leary, who attinded me, said I landed on me occyput. 'I niver knew I had wan,' says I. 'Its exthreme density has saved ye'er life,' says he. 'Am I mortally injured?' says I. 'Can ye pull me through?' says I. 'I can put ye on ye'er feet, that's all,' says he. 'Ye'll niver be

th' same man ye were,' says he. 'Ye have a common an' incurable disease. I have it mesilf. Ye're middle aged. It's lucky f'r ye that 'twas on'y thryin' to kick a futball that brought this on ye,' he says. 'Ye might have fallen in love,' he says. 'I can fix up ye'er leg,' he says, 'but I couldn't do much with ye'er heart,' he says.

"It was a gr-reat shock to me, an' f'r a year or two I cast a gloom over ivry assimbly that I wint into. I thought I see a greedy glint in th' eye iv Gavin, th' undhertaker, whin I passed his place. Whin Mulligan, th' marble cutter, came around to see me I thought he was mixin' business with pleasure. I made me will, cuttin' off me nearest rilitives. I hung around Father Kelly so much, hopin' that he might dhrop a hint about me chances, that th' good man had to shoo me away if he wanted to take care iv annybody else in th' parish. But grajally th' feelin' wore off an' I become young again. I ain't arrived yet at th' time when I will boast iv me age, but I don't mind tellin' ye I'm——"

"I know how old ye ar-re to a second," said Mr. Hennessy.

"O, do ye?" said Mr. Dooley. "Well, niver mind. Annyhow, old age isn't th' worst thing that happens to man. If he hasn't as manny expectations as he had, he hasn't so manny years. A young fellow is warn'd about a thousand things that don't bother an old man at all. Whin we get along in years we lose a lot in appytites, but we don't miss thim. If we have no hopes we have plisant mim'ries. Havin' larned that I cudden't kick a futball, I no longer want to kick it. I'm willin' to stand on th' side an' look on while me frindly mim'ry tells me pleasant lies about how good I was in me day. I no longer jump off a movin' car. I have th' full value iv me nickel out iv th' heartless monopuly be holdin' th' car while I get down wan leg at a time. If I go to cross th' sthreet to see Hogan an' a flock iv autymobills comes along, I say to mesilf: 'I don't want to see Hogan at all. I'll go to see Hinnissy.'

"I can visit th' ladies without fear iv entanglemint, f'r if I'm hopeless they're harmless. I'm lookin' for-ard to th' day whin I'll become avaricyous. Fr'm what I've seen an' heerd, avarice is a fine, absorbin' passion, an' manny an ol' fellow is as happy with his arm around his bank account as he was sleigh ridin' with his first girl. An', best iv all, I want to be a boss, an' no man can be a boss who's not undher two or over fifty. It's a fine thing to be able to set back in a chair an' have people appeal to ye f'r an opinyon on something that ye don't know annything about an' thin watch thim get into throuble whin they follow ye'er advice. Manny a man that cudden't direct ye to the dhrug store on th' corner whin he was thirty will get a respictful hearin' whin age has further impaired his mind.

"Besides it don't seem that there ar-re anny old men nowadays. It used to be that a man iv fifty was thought to be too seenile f'r anny useful wurruk. But nowadays ye'll see dashin' young la-ads iv sixty-

five full iv Boolgarian butthermilk wallopin' a goluf ball aroun' th' lot. They take betther care iv thimsilves thin they used to. In th' ol' days whin their teeth wint they followed immejately afther. But in our time they live long enough afther their nachral set ar-re gone to think iv their foster teeth as their own. Nawthin' is pleasanter thin to see an ol' la-ad iv sivinty who had just run off fifteen balls in th' break at pool sayin' to his young companyon: 'I can't smoke thim strong tin cent seegars. I cud wanst, but that day has gone by. I'll have wan iv me own perfectos. An old man has to be careful.'

"Very few old men iver get hurted in accidents. They take no chances. It's th' same as with sailors at sea. Thim that know how to swim ar-re thim that get drowned."

"Why," said Mr. Hennessy, "ye'd give annythin' to be twinty-five agin."

"I wudden't," said Mr. Dooley. "Why shud I want to grow old again?"

ON THE POWER OF MUSIC

"I ALWAYS told ye," said Mr. Dooley, "that 'twas as a vocal entertainer that I preferred me frind Willum Jennings Bryan, an' glad I am we're goin' to hear his meelojous voice on th' concert platform again. Whin th' good Lord has give a man th' power iv speech in a volyum onknown in ancyent or modhren times, it's a shame f'r him to hide th' gift in a speechless job. To go an' make this gr-reat barytone Sicrety iv State was like turnin' a nightingale into a hod carrier. It was conthry to nature. All a Sicrety iv State has to do is to think. It's a kind iv a menial job, beneath a man that has a harp in his throat with a hurricane behind it, so that whin he aven breathes a faint melody purrs fr'm his lips an' whin he utthers so much as a how-d'ye-do, 'tis as though a mighty hand had slammed th' sthrings iv a joynt guitar. There ar-re

plenty iv thinkers in th' world, poor fellows, with squeaky voices. They have to do something to arne a livin'. So they think, an' a hard livin' it is. But there's niver enough music to go around, an' why shud a gr-reat orkesthry iv sthring an' wind an' wood an' brass be asked to pondher? Is th' slide thrombone, is th' organ at th' audjiotoroom, is th' harp that wanst through Tara's halls, expicted to think? Does Adeliny Patti cook, or Melba sew, or Caruso dhrive a dhray? Ye bet they don't.

"Those who see Willum Jennings in those tur-rble days whin he was discussin' th' thrivyal dee-tails iv foolish threaties with th' bunco steerers that have been sintinced be their governments to come over here as ambassadures, were shocked at th' appearance iv th' popylar favrite. His pictures looked thoughtful. Gazin' fearlessly into th' camera, with a quill pen in his hand an' his brow knitted, he was th' livin' image iv a gr-reat mind in th' midst iv a large an' gloomy think an' caught off his guard be a

shameless phottygrafter who had come upon him onobsarved. But those who knew him well saw a faraway look in his dhreamy eyes that seemed to say: 'Oh, that I were out iv this prison again an' tastin' th' glad, free life iv th' concert platform, with a sea iv upturned faces lookin' at me through their spectacles, an' th' little handkerchiefs iv th' ladies flutterin' th' Chat-talky salute at me, an' me voice flying out an' meltin' th' hearts iv th' aujience an' returnin' to nestle in th' pouches iv me own happy ears.'

"He was well-threated. Th' vouchers f'r his pay were cashed without a kick be Bill McAdoo. He was inthrojooced to sivral prom'nent ambassadures be th' lawyer iv th' departmint. An' as often as wanst a week th' good, kind, onselfish ol' gintleman in th' White House ast him over an' pointed out where he was to sign a docymint that had been thoughtfully prepared f'r him. Still he was not happy. Nobody iver ast him to oblige with a melody. Th' people around him bumped him in th' hall. Ivrybody he

met seemed indiff'rent to music. Week afther week he set alone hummin' snatches iv old orations till wan day he cud stand it no longer. He up an' quit.

"Th' partin' between th' two ol' frinds was pathetic. 'Must ye be goin' so soon?' says the Prisidint. 'Why, ye've on'y been here three years, an' I've har'ly seen annything iv ye,' he says, openin' a letter. 'I must,' says th' Sicrety iv State. 'Well, Gawd bless ye, Willum. Tumulty, tell th' gintleman that's waitin' I won't keep him a minyit. Well, Gawd bless ye, Willum.' 'Gawd bless ye, Dock.' Th' two great men seized each other be both hands, but prompt interference be th' polis previnted anny actual vilence.

"So our hero bust th' bars iv his gilded cage, flew out into th' air, lit on th' bough iv a three, an' poored forth his bursting heart to th' stars. An' there he is now, like th' lark that Hogan writes about whin he has had too much. Though singin' he's always sore an' while sore is iver singin'. Day afther

day he serenades his former boss an' pupil with a melody that sounds like 'Come into th' garden, Dock, an' I'll dhrop a brick on ye.'

"What does he sing about? He's set th' Bible to music. He's arrangin' th' articles iv war f'r th' piccolo. But his principal songs ar-re songs iv love. I r-read a head line in th' pa-aper an' it says: 'Misther Bryan discusses internaytional complications.' 'Well,' says I, 'I guess I can affoord to miss this wan. But no,' thinks I, 'I will read it if on'y to see to what extint this here bricklayin' job has damaged a gr-reat artist.' Well, sir, wud ye believe it, he's come out absolutely oninjured. There ain't a crack in his voice or a blot on his beautiful ideels. There was niver a word in this ballad about threaties, or agreements, th' Hague conference, or torpedoes, or Bilgium. It was just a sweet song. It was all about love. 'Ye wish to hear me on th' subjick iv war an' our foreign situations,' he says. 'Very well, Profissor, th' key iv G, if ye plaze. Are ye

ready? Let her go! Love, love, love. All th' wurruld is love. Soft an' sweet an' sticky it covers th' globe. It is heerd fr'm th' throats iv th' little sparrows in th' sthreets, in th' flight iv th' wind through th' pines, in the swash iv th' waves that break on th' shores iv Lake Chat-talky (where I appear week endin' July fifteen), in th' cry iv th' shrapnel whirlin' over th' threnches, in th' cooin' iv th' pnoomatic guns squirtin' their wealth iv green an' goolden gas. I love ivrybody. I love th' Kaiser, th' Mikado iv Japan, th' Sultan iv Turkey, Tom Ryan, Champ Clark, th' reptile press, an' th' infamious conspiracy iv Wall Sthreet criminals that has skinned me out iv th' prisidincy three times runnin'.'

"Well, sir, whin I heard this magnificint an' statesmanlike appeal to th' American people, who had just took off their coats an' were squarin' away, th' tears came to me eyes an' I felt like grabbin' Gin'ral von Hindenburg around th' waist an' waltzin' out into th' consarvatory with him. Th' effect

iv this pow'rful utthrance was instantanyous. Lord Kitchener tilly-grafted to Charlie Schwab: 'I've been so affected be th' wurruds iv ye'er peerless leader Thomas J. O'Brien (if our papers gets th' name right) that I've made up me mind this hijous war must be ended at wanst. So plaze cancel th' order f'r two millyon sixteen-inch shells. Make it five millyon eighteen-inch an' be sure ye fill them full iv th' juice.' Th' German Impror announced that th' message iv Willum Jennings Bryan had melted his heart. He was sorry he hadn't been more neighborly iv late with his English cousins an' he'd ordhered a fleet iv Zeppelins to call on thim an' pay his respicts. An' all th' other nations iv Europe that hadn't got into th' riot, now saw that their attichood might be mistook an' voted to make th' war unanimous. Such is th' effect iv th' human voice on th' human heart.

"Mind ye, I don't want ye to go away with th' idee that I don't think Willum Jennings Bryan is a thoughtful man. Haven't I voted

f'r him more times thin I've voted f'r annywan but Carther Haitch? I voted f'r him whin votin' f'r him was wan way iv proclaimin' to th' wurruld that I cudden't pay me room rint. I voted f'r him whin 'twas th' same as tellin' th' groceryman that he gave me credit at his peril. There is plenty iv room f'r all th' thoughts in th' wurruld under that splendid dome. If he doesn't care to exercise thim it's his own business. He entertains thim an' sings thim to sleep. Wanst in a while he lets wan out f'r a romp. Th' little crather comes thrippin' into th' wurruld where rough people knock it down an' stamp on it an' thin he calls it back an' it creeps into its little cot in th' organ loft an' is niver seen or heerd again. He let loose a thought on silver that had an excitin' time while it was out, but long ago he hauled it in an' tucked it away. Thin I remimber he released a thought about th' govermint ownin' th' railroads. It was chased back to th' conservatory iv music be th' Ku Klux an' hasn't aven showed its face at th' win-

dow since. Th' other day he let out a pretty little idee. I hope no harm will come to it. 'Tis nawthin' less thin startin' a polis foorce to prevint war. Yes, sir, an internaytional organization iv coppers to keep th' peace in th' rowdy neighborhood iv th' wurruld. How'll they be ar-rmed? What a foolish question. They'll be ar-rmed with love, iv coorse. Who'll pay thim? That's a financyal deetail that can be arranged later on. What'll happen if wan iv th' roughnecks reaches f'r a gun? Don't bother me with thrifles.

"Th' gin'ral idee as him an' me see it is this: All is quiet at th' headquarters iv th' internaytional peace polis at Chat-talky. Th' chief iv polis is settin' in a bower iv roses playin' a mandolin whin a snow-white pigeon flutthers through th' window. There is a pink ribbon around its neck. Th' chief onties it an' finds a message that reads: 'Pancho Villa is on th' loose agin. He has filled himself up with paint an' is out with a Winchester shootin' up th' bordher.' Th'

chief calls th' resarves. Th' peace bulls in unyforms iv crame-colored pongee silk an' carryin' bunches iv f'rget-me-nots, turn out an' throt to th' scene iv th' disturbance at a double-quick. They find Pancho, but instead iv slammin' th' desprit patriot over th' head with a walnut log an' dhraggin' him be wan ankle to th' wagon, which is th' custom iv some peace agents I know, they shower him with petals fr'm their bokays. Th' sergeant disarms him with a melting look, whispers something soothing in his ear, smooths his hair, fixes his tie, an' maybe kisses him on th' forehead. An' that's th' end iv th' throuble.

"It sounds all right to me. It ain't th' way I've seen polis business thransacted, but a little more tinderness in dealin' with th' rough an' petulant might not be out iv place. Th' worst that cud happen wud be more polismen wud be kilt.

"An' there ye ar-re. I don't know whether 'twill succeed or not. I hope so. But there's wan thing I am afraid iv, Hinnissy. Ye see,

me boy, th' wurruld is a pretty old hunk of mud an' wickedness, an' I've been here a long time an' I've observed this sad thruth. Ye don't have to lend a man money. Ye don't have to amuse him; ye don't have to take care iv him if he's sick; ye don't have to do annything f'r him but wan thing."

"An' what's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"If he wants to fight ye, ye've got to accommodate him," said Mr. Dooley.

ON THE DESCENT OF MAN

"WHAT ar-re ye readin'?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"A comical little piece in th' Sunday pa-aper on th' Descent iv Man," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye get a good dale iv knowledge out iv th' pa-apers whin ye're not lookin' f'r it, an' a fellow that's paid five cents to find out where Gyp th' Blood spint his vacation, if he doesn't stop there but goes on r-readin', is li'ble to end up as an idjacated man.

"Maybe ye'd like me to read ye something out iv this here fable in slang. Well, thin, listen to th' pro-fissor: 'Such habits not on'y tended to develop the motor cortex itsilf,' he says, 'but thrained th' tactile an' th' kin—th' kin—I'll spell it f'r ye—k-i-n-a-e-s-t-h-e-t-i-c—pronounce anny way ye plaze—senses an' linked up their cortical areas in bonds iv more intimate assocyations with th' visyool cortex——'"

"What kind iv a language is that?" Mr. Hennessy interrupted.

"It's scientific language," said Mr. Dooley. "I've been thryin' to wurruk it out mesilf with th' aid iv a ditchnry, but I cudden't put it together till Dock O'Leary, who's great at these puzzle pitchers, come in. Fr'm what he said I guess that th' pro-fissor that wrote it meant to say that th' raison man is betther thin th' other animals is because iv what's in his head. I suspicted as much befure an' have often said so. But nobody has iver ast me to go befure a larned society an' have me chest dhraped with medals f'r sayin' it. I cudden't fill up me time on th' program. All I cud say wud be: 'Fellow pro-fissors, th' thing that give ye an' me a shade over th' squrl an' th' grasshopper is that we have more marrow in th' bean. Thankin' ye again f'r ye'er kind attintion, I will now lave ye while ye thranslate this almost onfathomable thought into a language that on'y a dhrug clerk can undherstand.'

"Fr'm what Dock O'Leary says, this here profissor has seen Darwin an' histed him a couple iv billyon years. If ye'd like to hear about it I'll tell ye. Well, thin, it was this way: Some time befure th' big fire, whin I was wurrukin' f'r Mullaney, th' conthractor, dhrivin' a team, a fellow be th' name iv Darwin come along an' made a monkey iv man. He showed that th' principal diff'rence between us an' th' little frinds iv Italy was that we had lost our tails. We had to lave th' old entailed estates an' th' ancesthral bamboo threes where our fam'ly had spint so many happy millyons iv years an' come down to earth an' be men. Our first ancestor had his tail docked, an', havin' lost this here member which was at wanst his manes iv rapid thransit an' his aisy chair, th' old gintleman cud no longer swing fr'm th' branch iv th' three an' amuse th' childher be pickin' things off thim, but had to go to wurruk. In ordher to apply f'r a job he was forced to larn to walk an' to talk. He manicured his front feet an' made hands iv

thim, an', so he cud win th' affections iv th' fair, he was compelled to shed his comfortable an' nachral hairy coat an' buy clothes. Th' fam'ly all took afther th' old man an' improved on him through th' cinchries, till to-day ye have th' magnificent jooks ye see all ar-round ye, dhressed up in quare garmints, puttin' on supeeryor airs, wearin' crowns, runnin' f'r office, killin' each other, dancin' th' turkey throt, an' gin'rally behavin' so foolish that whin th' father iv a fam'ly iv monkeys sees a human bein' comin' along in th' woods he calls out: 'Mother, bring th' little wans to th' end iv this branch. Here comes wan iv our poor relations who has to wurruk f'r a livin'. He wud've been just as well off as we ar-re if his fam'ly hadn't squandered their tails. Dhrop a cocynut on his head an' see him jump. Ain't he the funny sight?'

"I can well remimber how hot ivrybody was agan Darwin on account iv what he wrote. Nobody had been very proud iv Adam as an ancesthor, but still ye cud put up

with him if ye took into account that he was dalin' with new problems an' was th' first married man. But it hurted a good manny proud people to think that but f'r th' luck iv th' game they might all be up in Lincoln park makin' faces through th' glass at little boys an' girls. So Darwin was excymunicated fr'm manny a church that he'd niver been in, an' expelled fr'm th' Knights iv Pythias, an' gin'rally threated as he desarved f'r a long time. But afther awhile people begun to take more kindly to th' idee an' to say: 'Well, annyhow, it's more comfortable to feel that we're a slight improvement on a monkey thin such a fallin' off fr'm th' angels. F'r awhile it looked as though we weren't holdin' our own. But now it looks as if we are on our way,' an' thought no more about it. An' th' monkeys had no access to th' press, so they cudden't write in kickin' letthers signed 'Indignant Monkey' or th' like iv that.

"But this pro-fissor has gone further thin Darwin in pursooin' our lineege down to its

disgraceful start. He has run acrost a lot iv old town records, marredge certyficates, birth registhers, an' so on an' has discovered that our original proginitor, th' boy that give us our push tords respectability, th' first mimber iv th' fam'ly that moved uptown, th' survivor iv th' Fort Dearborn massacree, th' pilgrim father that came out iv th' jungle, th' foundher iv th' fam'ly fortune was—what d'ye think? Ye'll niver guess if I give ye a thousand guesses. It was th' jumpin' shrew iv South America. It's as I tell ye. Here ye see it in black an' white befure ye'er eyes: 'Man descinded fr'm th' jumpin' shrew.' Hence our sunny dispositions an' th' presint campaign. I niver cud undherstand why if mankind come down fr'm th' monkey we weren't more janyal. But now I know. It's th' old shrew blood that still coorses through our veins that makes us so cross with each other.

"Yes, sir; this la-ad with th' aid iv a microscope, a knife, an' perhaps a dhream book has thraced us back to this inthrestin'

little crather. Prob'ly ye niver see a jumpin' shrew. Ye wudden't? There ar-re very few jumpin' shrews in this neighborhood. But back in th' old estate in South Africa they ar-re numerous an' highly respicted. Manny iv th' mimbers iv th' original branch iv our fam'ly still live in th' homes iv our ancistors an' keep up th' thraditional customs like th' old fam'lies iv Boston. This scientific dock gives us a plazin' pitcher iv their lives. 'These three shrews,' says he, 'ar-re small squrl like animals which feed on insects an' fruit. Whin feedin' they often set on their haunches, holdin' their food, afther th' manner iv squrls, in their front paws.' There, Hinnissy, ye have a view iv ye'ersilf as ye were befure th' flood. Ye've often told me ye were descinded fr'm th' kings iv Ireland, an' manny is th' time I've wondhered how ye'd look in a soot iv ir'n an' bull skin, settin' on a horse, holdin' on to th' mane with wan hand an' to a spear with th' other. But I injye more th' thought iv ye still further back, perched on th' branch iv a

three makin' a light lunch iv a peanut an' an ant. Some day I'm goin' to take a step-laddher an' go to South Africa an' visit these relations iv ye'ers an' mine. An' why not? If a man be the name iv Jones will spind money thryin' to prove that he's descinded fr'm a cillibrated holdup man iv th' same name in th' reign iv Queen Elizabeth why shudden't he look up his rilitives, th' jumpin' shrews iv South Africa, an' be took over th' fam'ly risidence be a caretaker, f'r a shillin', an' see where th' ol' jook died definding' his threasures iv huckleberries an' weevils against th' night attack iv th' ant eater an' th' banded armydillo? Tell me why. An' why, now that this prof has thraced out th' line, shuden't we resume th' fam'ly name? Be rights we'd all be called jumpin' shrews. There's a chance f'r a hyphen there that manny a mimber iv th' stock exchange wud welcome.

"But I don't think this here prof wint far enough in lookin' f'r our start. Th' jumpin' shrews ar-re all right enough, but what come

befure them? Accordin' to this article it's har'ly thirty billyon years since this gallant little fellow first hopped up a three. Ar-re we to f'rget our arlier ancestors? What about th' patient lobster, th' ca'm eyesther, th' cheerful jelly fish, an' back through th' cinchries th' first onobtrusive microbe, an' befure that th' viggytables, an' befure thim th' mud at th' bottom iv th' sea? Rash, upstart jumpin' shrew, d'ye niver ralize that it's an own cousin ye're atin' fried on th' beefsteak an' maybe a shovelful iv th' original stock ye're hurlin' into th' barrow to give a ride down to th' dump?

"But don't feel bad about it. ' There's always wan encouragin' thing about th' sad scientific facts that comes out ivry week in th' pa-apers. They're usually not thrue. I know there niver was a Dooley that lived in a three, because I niver see wan that cud climb a three. An' annyhow I don't care. Divvle th' bit iv attintion I give to a fellow lookin' at a glass iv wather through an eye-glass an' guessin' what happened in South

Africa eighty-three billyon years ago. Mind ye, I don't blame this dock f'r thryin' to make us all—th' Dooleys, an' th' Honezollerns, an' th' Vere de Veres—members iv th' same fam'ly. His name is Smith. But if he'd f'rget about th' origin iv th' race an' tell us not where man comes fr'm but where he's goin' to I'd take an intherpeter aroun' an' listen to him."

"These men ar-re inimies iv religion," said Mr. Hennessy.

"P'raps," said Mr. Dooley. "But they'll niver be dangerous ontil some wan comes along an' thranslates their lectures into English. An' I don't think there's a chance that cud be done."

ON THE HIGHER BASEBALL

"D'YE iver go to a base-ball game?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Not now," said Mr. Dooley. "I haven't got th' intellick f'r it. Whin I was a young fellow nawthin' plazed me betther thin to go out to th' ball grounds, get a good cosy seat in th' sun, take off me collar an' coat an' buy a bottle iv pop, not so much, mind ye, f'r th' refrishment, because I niver was much on pop, as to have something handy to reprove th' empire with whin he give an eeronyous decision. Not only that, me boy, but I was a fine amachure ball-player mesilf. I was first baseman iv th' Prairie Wolves whin we beat th' nine iv Injine Company five be a scoor iv four hundherd an' eight to three hundherd an' twinty-five. It was very close. Th' game started just afther low mass on a Sundah mornin' an' was called on account iv dark-

ness at th' end iv th' fourth inning. I knocked th' ball over th' fence into Donovan's coal yard no less thin twelve times. All this talk about this here young fellow Baker makes me smile. Whin I was his age I wudden't count annything but home-runs. If it wasn't a home-run I'd say: 'Don't mark it down' an' go back an' have another belt at th' ball. Thim were th' days.

"We usen't to think base-ball was a science. No man was very good at it that was good at annything else. A young fellow that had a clear eye in his head an' a sthrong pair iv legs undher him an' that was onaisy in th' close atmosphere iv th' school room, an' didn't like th' pro-fissyon iv plumbing was like as not to join a ball team. He come home in th' fall with a dimon in his shirt front an' a pair iv hands on him that looked like th' boughs iv a three that's been sthruck be lightenin' an' he was th' hero in th' neighborhood till his dimon melted an' he took to drivin' a thruck. But 'tis far different nowadays. To be a ball-player a man

has to have a joynt intilleck. Inside base-ball, th' pa-apers calls it, is so deep that it'd give brain fever to a pro-fissor iv asthronomy to thry to figure it out. Each wan iv these here mathymatical janiuses has to carry a thousand mysteeryous signals in his head an' they're changed ivry day an' sometimes in th' middle iv th' game. I'm so sorry f'r th' poor fellows. In th' old days whin they were through with th' game they'd maybe sthray over to th' Dutchman's f'r a pint iv beer. Now they hurry home to their study an' spind th' avnin' poorin' over books iv allgibera an' thrigynomethry.

"How do I know? Hogan was in here last night with an article on th' 'Mysthries iv base-ball.' It's be a larned man. Here it is: Th' ordhinary observer or lunk-head who knows nawthin' about base-ball excipt what he larned be playin' it, has no idee that th' game as played to-day, is wan iv th' most inthricate sciences known to man-kind. In th' first place th' player must have an absolute masthry iv th' theery iv ballistic

motion. This is especially thrue iv th' pitcher. A most exact knowledge in mathymatics is required f'r th' position. What is vulgarly known as th' spit-ball on account iv th' homely way in which th' op'rator procures his effects is in fact a solution iv wan iv th' most inthricate problems in mechanics. Th' purpose iv th' pitcher is to project th' projectyle so that at a pint between his position an' th' batsman th' tindincy to pro-ceed on its way will be countheracted be an impulse to return whence it come. Th' purpose iv th' batsman is, afther judgin' be scientific methods th' probable coorse or thrajecthry iv th' missile to oppose it with sufficyent foorce at th' proper moment an' at th' most efficient point, first to retard its forward movement, thin to correct th' osseylations an' fin'ly to propel it in a direction approximately opposite fr'm its original progress. This, I am informed, is technically known as 'bustin' th' ball on th' nose (or bugle).' In a gr-reat number iv cases which I observed th' experiment

iv th' batsman failed an' th' empire was obliged so to declare, th' ball havin' actually crossed th' plate but eluded th' (intended) blow. In other cases where no blow was attimpted or aven meditated I noted that th' empire erred an' in gin'ral I must deplore an astonishin' lack in thrained scientific observation on th' part iv this officyal. He made a number iv grievous blundhers an' I was not surprised to larn fr'm a gintleman who set next to me that he (th' empire) had spint th' arly part iv his life as a fish in the Mammoth Cave iv Kentucky. I thried me best to show me disapproval iv his unscientific an' infamous methods be hittin' him over th' head with me umbrella as he left th' grounds. At th' requist iv th' editor iv th' magazine I intherviewed Misther Bugs Mulligan th' pitcher iv th' Kangaroos afther th' game. I found th' cillybrated expert in th' rotundy iv th' Grand Palace Hotel where he was settin' with other players polishin' his finger nails. I r-read him my notes on th' game an' he expressed

his approval addin' with a show at laste iv enthusyasm: 'Bo, ye have a head like a dhrum.' I requested him to sign th' foregoin' statement but he declined remarkin' that th' last time he wrote his name he sprained his wrist an' was out iv the game f'r a week.

"What'd I be doin' at th' likes iv a game like that? I'd come away with a narvous headache. No, sir, whin I take a day off, I take a day off. I'm not goin' to a baseball game. I'm goin' to take a bag iv peanuts an' spind an afthernoon at th' chimical labrytory down at th' colledge where there's something goin' on I can undhrstand."

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Hennessy, "if 'twas as mysteryous as all that how cud Tom Donahue's boy Petie larn it that was fired fr'm th' Brothers School because he cuddn't add?"

"Well, I dinnaw," said Mr. Dooley, "I thought iv it th' last time he was in here. I'd been readin' an article be Pro-fissor Slap-

good an' I har'ly knew how to addhress th' young scientist though 'tis not so many years since I chased him away fr'm in front iv th' place with th' hose. I'd lost thrack iv him since he left home so I says: 'I suppose ye've studied hard,' says I, 'since I seen ye last.' I says, 'How long a coorse iv science did ye take befure ye enthered th' pro-fissyon?' seys I. 'Put 'em lower,' seys he. 'Th' sun's in me eyes,' he seys. 'Well,' says I, 'where did ye larn base-ball?' I says. 'In th' back yard with a bed slat an' a woolen ball,' he says. 'Thin it isn't thrue ye wint to Heidleberg whin ye left here?' says I. 'I niver heerd iv th' team. I wint as substichoot sicond base on th' Baryboo nine an' thin was thraded to Cedar Rapids,' he says. 'This here pa-aper,' seys I, 'seys ye pitch a wonderful ball that ye prejooce be disturbin' th' relations iv th' radyus iv th' ball to th' circumference,' seys I. 'How about it?' 'It's thrue,' seys he. 'He's thryin' to tell ye in simple language about th' ol' spitter. Ye see it's this way, ol' hoss. On

some days I can peg it so it crosses the turkey like a poached egg an' Ty Cobb cudden't hit it with a snow-shovel. That's th' day I've got th' smoke onto it. Thin another day whin I feel just as good, ivrything I toss across looks like a thrunk covered with electhric lights. What's th' name iv that fellow, that wrote th' article ye was readin'?' says he. 'What d'ye want to know f'r?' says I. 'I want to find out how I do it whin I do it an' why I don't do it whin I don't,' says he. I ast him about th' science iv battin'; he said it was in hittin' on'y th' good wans. His idee iv th' mathymaticks iv fieldin' was niver to thry to catch a ground ball with th' ankle or a fly ball with th' nose. 'Whin,' says I, 'd'ye pitch best?' 'A day or two,' says he, 'befure I sign me conthract,' he seys. I asked about his thrainin'. It is simple but severe. Afther breakfast he goes to dinner. His dinner is usually intherupted in th' middle iv the fifth pie be th' summons to th' game. Afther th' game he goes to supper. Afther supper he sits

in a rockin' chair in front iv th' hotel till th' manager goes to bed whin him an' th' other athleets sojourn to a rathskellar. He is invaryably in bed befure th' manager gets up. In return f'r all their sufferin' these heroes ar-re threated like white slaves. His sal'ry is on'y nine thousan' dollars a year an' f'r this he is often compelled to pitch ev'ry other week.

"That's all I cud get out iv him an' there ye ar-re. I know no more about th' subjeck now at th' end iv me investigation thin I did before.

"Annyhow 'tis a gr-rand game, Hinnissy, whether 'tis played th' way th' pro-fissor thinks or th' way Petie larned to play it in th' back yard an' I shuddent wondher if it's th' way he's still playin'. Th' two gr-eat American spoorts are a good deal alike—pollyticks an' base-ball. They're both played be pro-fissyonals, th' teams ar-re r-run be fellows that cudden't throw a base-ball or stuff a ballot-box to save their lives an' ar-re on'y intherested in countin' up th' gate re-

ceipts, an' here ar-re we settin' out in th' sun on th' bleachin' boords, payin' our good money f'r th' spoort, hot an' uncomfortable but happy, injying ivry good play, hootin' ivry bad wan, knowin' nawthin' about th' inside play an' not carin', but all jinin' in th' cry iv 'Kill th' empire.' They're both grand games."

"Speakin' iv pollyticks," said Mr. Hennessy, "who d'ye think'll be ilicted?"

"Afther lookin' th' candydates over," said Mr. Dooley, "an' studyin' their qualifications carefully I can't thruthfully say that I see a prisidintial possibility in sight."

ON HEROES AND HISTORY

"THERE'S on'y wan thing that wud make me allow mesilf to be a hero to th' American people, an' that is it don't last long. A few columns in th' newspaper, a speech in Congress, assault an' batthry be a mob in th' sthreet, a flatthrin' offer fr'm a dime museem, an' thin ye sink back into th' discard an' are not mintioned again onless ye get into jail, whin ye have a more extinded notice thin ye'er crime entitles ye to.

"Oh, as Hogan says, why shud th' spirit iv mortal be proud? Many's th' hero I've known in me day—gin'rals, admirals, polismen, firemen, prize-fighters, pedesthreens, bicycle riders, actors, authors, conkerers iv thirty quails in thirty days, an' where are they now, I'll ask ye? Down in th' coal cellar iv th' Hall iv Fame with th' rest iv us polthroons.

"Histhry will do thim justice, says ye? Ye needn't be too sure about that. Don't

make any foolish bets on histhry. Like a good many people that I know, th' Muse iv Histhry, as Hogan wud say, has a long mim'ry but 'tis inaccrate. 'Tis like a cousin iv mine that cud remimber things that happened forty years ago, but they were niver so. A little while ago there was a fellow come over here that wrote a histhry iv Rome. This country, they tell me, is like Rome, an' is goin' to have th' same ending because iv th' large Eyetalyan popylation in both.

"Anyhow, all I know about Rome is what Hogan has told me, an' he was always boostin' up Joolyus Cayzar to me. I got an idee fr'm Hogan's talk that Joolyus Cayzar was a fine man; a little gay, mind ye, with th' ladies, but a fine man. An' Hogan cud almost make me cry tellin' me about his death. It seems that he was warned iv what was comin'. Th' night befure, a comet appeared in th' sky, but he cud not believe it had annything to do with him. An' no more wud I. A plasther iv Paris bust fell off th' mantel, an' instead iv takin' it as a tip he discharged

th' hired girl. A ragged man stopped him at th' dure an' warned him not to go to th' Sinit. 'Ye are addhressin' th' wrong party,' says Cayzar. 'J. Ham Lewis lives two dures down.' So he wint to th' Sinit an' th' Sinitors gathered around him pretindin' to ask him f'r jobs. 'I have a pettyshun here,' says wan iv thim, 'fr'm th' boord iv thrade f'r Michael J. Mulroon to be collictor iv intarnal rivnoo,' he says, stickin' Cayzar with a knife. 'I will file it f'r refrence,' says Cayzar. 'This is th' little matther I mintioned last week,' says th' invious Casia, jabbin' him in th' ribs. 'I am afraid ye'er man is not illegible,' says Cayzar.

"This wint on f'r some time, wan Sinitor afther another takin' part in th' debate while Cayzar continued to glance through his corryspondence. But fin'lly a young fellow that Cayzar had adopted stepped forward an' dhrove a soord into him. To say that Cayzar was surprised is to express it mildly. He was deeply chagrined. No wan expicts to be murdhered be an adopted

child, an' Cayzar almost lost his temper. What he said Hogan doesn't exactly remimber, but 'twas ayether 'An' ye, Brutus,' or 'Brutus, ye too,' or 'Well, what d'ye think iv that?' Annyhow he folded his robe around him an' passed away. An' th' Roman popylace broke into th' Sinit an' gathered up chairs, desks, stationery, franks, seeds, an' letters an' made a bone fire iv thim an' burned Cayzar's body in it. An' whin Cayzar's will was opened 'twas found that he'd left all his money to give free circuses an' parks to th' people instead iv givin' it to thim while he was alive. An' if he'd spint it on th' Sinit he might've been alive to this day.

"There's th' story as Hogan tells it fr'm readin' it in books an' seein' it acted at th' Halsted Sthreet Opry House. But this profissor iv histhry says Hogan is all wrong. 'Joolyus Cayzar was be no means th' tulip he is pitchered be historyans nearer his time thin mesilf,' says he. 'Th' further ye get away fr'm anny peeryod th' betther ye can

write about it. Ye are not subjict to interruptions be people that were there. I wud not undertake to write a histhry iv Peorya in nineteen hundherd an' eight, but if ye want th' latest news from Rome two thousand years ago, hand me that fountain pen. Far fr'm bein' a gr-reat man, Joolyus Cayzar was a pretty ordhinry charackter. He was always out f'r th' money. All iv his alleged wars were carrid on to help th' grocery business iv Rome that he was a secret pardner in. He was a mean, close-fisted man. He done Cicero out of his house be threatenin' to build a liv'ry stable next dure to it, an' thin buyin' it cheap, an' his throuble with Pompey come fr'm sellin' his old chum a horse that he swore anny child cud dhrive, an' that run away with Mrs. Pompey in Centhral Park, an' smashed Pompey's best two-seated chariot. He was killed in a barroom be Brutus, a worthless fellow that he'd adopted to get hold iv his money. Th' real hero iv th' peeryod was Marcus Mephitus Jenks. It was Jenks that th' glory an' grandeur iv

Rome is due to. It was Jenks who won th' battles, Jenks that reformed th' almanac, an' Jenks that modeled th' laws. But Jenks was a modest hero. He had no press agent. Sthrange to say, I can find no contimpry rifrences to Jenks but a few vulgar jokes. But he was a great man. Now that th' clouds iv calumy has rolled away it gives me great pleasure to say that Jenks, not Cayzar, was th' boy.

"'In me estimation, th' next gr-reatest man iv thim days was Nero. A coorse prejudice has grown up against Nero. No wan names childher afther him anny more, which I think is a gr-reat mistake. Far fr'm bein' th' monsther he is supposed to be, Nero was a quite, cultivated young fellow, who, like manny another with th' same tastes has had his mim'ry condimmed to loathing an' horror because he played th' violin. Except f'r this he was not a detistable charackter. It is not thrue that he set fire to Rome. Rome was like wan iv our modhren cities, an' undoubtedly it

caught fire fr'm cinders fr'm a passing locomotive. Nawthin' cud be more unjust to this amiable charackter thin to suggist that he was an innimy iv relligon. Th' thruth is, that he practised wan if th' first principles iv relligon, which is that th' good are betther dead. I view with contempt th' fable that he pizened his mother. Th' discoveries in modhren science show that it's far more likely she perished iv appindicytis. Besides, th' fam'ly ties were much looser in those days. Moreover, let us be just an' acknowledge that in th' coorse iv nature, th' old lady had not much longer to live, annyhow, an' she may have been an exactin' housekeeper, while her illusthrees son had th' habits iv a bachelor, which he was fr'm time to time.'

"An' there ye are, Hinnissy. How do you know what Histhry is goin' to say about these here stirrin' times that we're livin' in? A few thousands iv years fr'm now a visitor fr'm New Zealand, as Hogan says, surveyin' th' roons iv th' Fort Wayne freight house

fr'm a broken arch iv Jackson sthreet bridge, may run acrost a copy iv th' Daily Bazoo, an' write a story iv th' state iv America in nineteen hundherd an' nine: 'Th' principal occypations iv th' people were murdher, divoorce, prize-fightin', lynching, Marathon racin', abduction, burglary, an' Salomying. Ivrybody was stealin' annything they cud lay their hands on. A naygur prize-fighter havin' baten a white prize-fighter, an almost univarsal demand arose fr'm all classes f'r th' renowned James J. Jeffries to issue fr'm th' seclusion iv his saloon an' put a head on th' Senegambyan. So intent were th' people on their barbarous pastimes that th' full name iv th' prisidint at th' time has been lost. All th' historyan can find about him is that his name was Teddy, an' that he spint his time shootin' hippy pottymusses in Africa, lavin' th' conthrol iv th' counthry to wealthy malyfactors who had put him into office. He was succeeded be an effyminate charackter, who is now recalled only because he consumed forty opposums (an extinct

marsoopyal) in forty consecutive days, an' played a game called bumple-puppy, which consisted in apparently purposely missing a small gutta-perchy ball placed on a pile iv x sand. All that is further known about this charackter is that he was called "Big Bill," an' is said to have weighed four tons. Th' most prominent citizens iv th' decayin' raypublic besides James J. Jeffries were T. Longboat, Lydia Pinkham. Ivrywhere was public an' private corruption, low ambitions an' base amusements. But amidst th' riot iv corruption a few points stand out in contemperory lithrachoor to show that there were pure men an' women makin' th' brave battle f'r th' human race. Tens iv thousands iv suffrin' people were cured iv incurable diseases be usin' Befoolim, a remedy enthrusted to th' wurruld be an old Indyan herb doctor an' mannyfacthered an' sold be unknown philanthropists at a dollar a bottle. Millyons iv dollars were given away annually be th' promoters iv mining schemes; an' there arose in th' city iv Chicago, as if to shame his venal

surroundings, a pathrite who worked so unselfishly in th' cause iv civic purity that he won th' affectionate surname iv th' "Bath House."'

"No, sir, I'll not attimpt to follow all th' heroes that comes up. They move too fast f'r me. To my way iv thinkin', th' wurruld is full iv thim. I know lots iv heroic tillygraft op'rators who wud rather amuse thimsilves sindin' somebody else's 'Have missed thrain; will be home to-morrow; love an' kisses. Pop' thin be idle an' wondhrin' how they cud square things with their own wives. They're heroes. Ye an' Congress are both proud iv ye'er frind the tillygraft operatur who stuck at his post an' sint out th' 'C. Q. D.,' or ye were. But what th' divvle is a tillygraft op'ratur to do at a time like that but th' on'y thing he can do? If he'd gone up on th' bridge to advise th' captain he'd been kicked downstairs, an' if he'd thried to help out with th' injines th' chief injyneer wud've walloped him over th' head with a monkey-wrench. So he stayed where he be-

longed an' done his wurruk. He felt safer there thin he wud annywhere. Wilbur Wright wud be scared to death if he was tendin' bar in this place whin big Olson come in on a tear, but I am ca'm because I know where I can lay me hands on a few argymints that Olson undherstands. But I wudden't feel safe in anny circumstances in Wilbur Wright's aeroplane. Take me in a place I know an' I'm as brave a man as iver got his pitcher in th' pa-aper. Take me where I don't know th' names iv th' cross sthreets, an' th' crackle iv a leaf will sind a chill up me back. I wudden't dare to walk in Mitchigan Boolyvard be night. I wudden't know what moment a banker might rush out an' fell me to th' ground. But I'll walk down Halsted sthreet whistlin' 'Th' Rocky Road' an' niver wanst look behind me.

"As Hogan says, ivry man is a hero excipt thim that have vallays. If ye black ye'er own shoes, shave ye'ersilf, an' turn on th' water in ye'er own bath ye're a hero, ex-officio, as th' sayin' goes. All me acquaint-

ances are heroes. I niver yet knew a man that hired another man to help him on with his shirt. An' if Congress goes on passin' risolutions thankin' la-ads f'r wurrukin' when there was nawthin' else to do, they'll have to get some new presses in th' govermint printing office. Faith, who ain't a hero amongst us all, all us inexpeeryenced sailors on a ship that's sinking slowly undher our feet, day be day an' year be year? Some ships gets stove in arly an' some late, but they all go down. An' here we are on boord laughin', an' atin', an' quarrlin', an' schemin', an' layin' out a new course ivry hour with ne'er a thought iv sindin' a 'C. Q. D.'"

"Be th' way," said Mr. Hennessy, "ye spoke of vallays. What is a vallay, annyhow? What does he do?"

"A vallay," said Mr. Dooley, "as I undherstand it, is an English gintleman who has arose be conscientious wurruk to th' position iv a boot-jack."

ON GOING TO SEE THE DOCTOR

"Hinnissy," said Mr. Dooley, severely, "ye've been goin' to see th' doctor."

"Well, what's that to you?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Nawthin'," said Mr. Dooley, "on'y 'tis a turrible habit to get fastened on a man. It grows on ye. Fr'm seein' a doctor wanst a year, ye get so ye can't pass th' office iv wan iv thim without goin' in an' havin' him eaves-dhrop on ye'er indigestion with a stethoscope. I knew a man wanst wint to a doctor so often he cudden't ate porridge. Ivry time he put th' spoon in his mouth he said: 'Ah-h.' Can't ye shake off this dhreadful habit? Have ye no will power, no manhood? What did he tell ye?"

"He said I'd die if I didn't change me way iv livin'," said Mr. Hennessy proudly.

"Did he, faith?" said Mr. Dooley. "Well, that was smart iv him an' worth at laste

three dollars. But I tell ye this, me boy, he held out on ye at that. He on'y give ye fifty per cint. iv th' information that I'll hand to ye. Ye'll die if ye change ye'er habits, an' ye'll die if ye don't. Give me three dollars, plaze, in small bills. He didn't charge ye annything, ye say? Thin it must've been Dock O'Leary. I see how it was. Ye woke up with a pain in th' back. A few years ago he wud have called it a pain in th' back, an' when ye'd exercised th' ol' wheelbarrow f'r an hour it wud've passed away, an' ye'd be as well as iver. But now that ye've got th' doctor habit ye limp as fast as ye'er ag'ny will let ye to Dock O'Leary's office, an' set f'r an hour thryin' to read th' current magazines f'r nineteen hundhred an' eight an' thinkin' with tears in ye'er eyes iv how bad th' fam'ly, that niver apprecyated ye befure, will feel whin ye ar-re no more. By an' by th' dock comes out pattin' a little boy on th' back an' sayin' to his mother: 'Yes, ma'am, night an' mornin' an' keep th' pickles on th' top shelf.' He sees ye an'

says he: 'What, ye here again? What mortial malady is desthroyin' that ivy covered roon this mornin'? Come in an' I'll have a look at ye.'

"Ye set down on th' edge iv a chair with ye'er hat in ye'er hand an' map out ye'er symptoms in a way that wud make him weep if he had a heart, but he on'y balances a paper knife on his finger an' looks at th' clock. Thin he tells ye to stick out ye'er tongue an' haul it in again, an' thin he feels ye'er pulse that's goin' like a steam dhrill, an' dhrops ye'er hand suddenly, sticks his watch back in his pocket an' walks up an' down th' room with a frown on his face. Ye think he is wondhrin' how he can break th' fatal news with th' laste shock to ye'er dilicate narvous system. But he ain't. He's sayin' to himsilf: 'There's an ol' fellow that's as indesthructible as a hard coal clinker. There's nawthin' th' matter with him. I wisht I was as healthy, me with all th' diseases that me patients thinks they have an' a lot more that I get fr'm readin' medical

books. But I mustn't tell him so. If I do he'll go down to that ol' Vethrinary Skinner, what'll tell him he has gallopin' consumption, charge him a day's wages an' hand him a prescription that'll give him a runnin' start on th' opyum habit.'

"Afther awhile he sets down at his desk an' pullin' out a pencil an' pa-aper begins to write, an' while he writes he says: 'I'm glad ye came to me befure it was too late. As it is I think we may check th' progress iv th' disease if we can't cure it,' he says. 'What is th' matther with me?' says ye. 'This time,' says he, 'ye ar-re suffrin' fr'm a sharp attackt iv hyper-asininity,' he says. 'Is it fatal?' says ye. 'Not nicissrly,' says he, 'though 'tis apt to increase with age. But ye must be careful, or I wudden't guarantee ye'er life f'r more thin thirty years. Do ye use liquor an' tobacco in modhration?' 'I had wan glass iv beer an' a see-gar yisterdah,' says ye. 'It is as I thought,' says he. 'Th' modhrate dhrinker an' smoker is th' first to go,' says he. 'If ye think 'twud tind to pro-

long me life,' says ye bravely, 'I'll thry to get properly full ivry day,' says ye. 'No,' says he, 'ye must cut out liquor an' tobacco intirely f'r th' next two weeks,' he says, lightin' a see-gar. 'Ye'er blood pressure is too high, about a thousan' at th' prisint minyit. We must rejooce this, or I may be walkin' behind ye with me hat in me hand wan iv these fine days. Ye must put ye'ersilf on a sthrict dite. F'r breakfast ye need not be particular, although ye must take plenty iv time with this meal, at laste five minyits. Poor th' coffee into th' saucer instead iv blowin' into it. At dinner on'y th' lean part iv th' corn beef an' no gristle. Positively no gristle. At supper a couple iv roasts iv beef or a leg iv mutton or so. But no more. If ye expict to be well ye must not touch patty de foy grah, troofles, sthrawberries out iv saison, artichokes, lamp chimbleys, canvas back ducks, turrypin, chop sooey, kosher meat, or carpet tacks in anny form.' An' he hands ye this prescription:

"Chlor. Sod. gr. II

"Aq. Mich. gal. VIII

"Rub on elbow night an' mornin'.

"Ye take it to th' dhrug store an' hand it to a young fellow that's pasteuryzin' th' sody glasses be blowin' into thim. He studies it carefully an' moves to th' mysteryous labrytory in th' back iv th' shop. He passes by rows an' rows iv bottles filled with healin' remedies marked with a skull an' crossbones. Ye wondher which wan iv these he's goin' to reach f'r an' hope he ain't absent-minded or too gin'rous. But he doesn't stop till he gets to th' back room where he fills th' purscription at th' sink. Manetime th' crick has gone fr'm ye'er back, an' ye'er well again ontil ye're dyin' again—to see a doctor.

"But s'pose Dock O'Leary lost his cunning an' told ye th' thruth about ye'ersilf. Ye'd fly to Dock Skinner, who grajated at th' Bur-rd Centher Injyanny Corryspondince School iv Horseshoein' an' Medcine in eighteen sixty-two. Ye don't know him

well, but he's got a sign out, an' that's enough f'r ye to thrust th' care iv ye'er broken down but precyous arthly tinimint to him. He writes out a prescription that on'y a colledge pro-fissor cud read an' ye take it over to a large combynation ice-crame parlor, an' see-gar, candy, toy, gum, fire-cracker, harness, an' dhrug-store to have it filled. Th' scientist that's goin' to fish something out iv a bottle that'll save ye'er life is a pretty busy young chemist. While he's loadin' th' pills f'r ye he has so many other calls that ye begin to wondher how he can keep his mind on th' life-givin' dope that th' dock has ordhered. He laves his healin' art to answer th' tillyphone, take in an ad f'r th' pa-apers, sell a postage stamp, a box iv gumdhrops, two sheets iv writin' pa-aper, a sky-rocket, a bar iv soap, a pow-dher-puff, an autymobill, an' a five cint see-gar, an' has a discussion with a little boy about th' largest amount iv ice crame that goes with a tub iv sody wather. He is surrounded on all sides with cans, bottles,

an' jugs full iv th' delicacies intinded f'r th' neighbor's dog, an' th' elixirs iv life that he's shakin' f'r ye he ordhered be mail fr'm a wholesale dhruggist, who bought it be th' kag fr'm a facthry where it was put up be a man he niver see an' who has th' ordher filled be sayin' to a small boy: 'Jawnny, take a scoop shovel an' fill this ordher fr'm thim bar'ls in th' corner. I want three pounds each iv arsenic, quinine, calomel, rough-on-rats, an' rock-candy. Don't get thim mixed up. They look a good deal alike. I'm goin' to th' ball game.' Ye niver think what chances ye take whin ye take medicine. On'y there's wan thing in ye'er favor. Pizens ar-re ixpinsive.

"Annyhow, th' new kind iv docks don't give much medicine. Some puts their customers on a dite, which manes atin' something that ye don't like. Another feeds ye on little Boolgahryan sour milk germs that at wanst pro-ceeds to make war on th' native germs an' massacre thim, so that soon ye'er interyor is turned into a kind iv a

Balkan peninsuly an' th' sthruggle goes on f'r years till th' gr-reat powers inthervene. Wan dock asts ye what ye want to do an' says: 'Don't do it. Five dollars.' Another makes ye tell him ye'er dhreams an' be changin' thim keeps ye alive. Wan cures ye iv a pain in th' ankle be pullin' out ye'er teeth an' another makes ye sleep out on th' front stoop where th' neighbors can see ye undhress.

"Dock O'Leary says that th' dock who shortens his prescriptions lenthens th' lives iv his patients. He says he sildom gives anny medicine that his customers cudden't ate with a soup ladle. 'But,' he says, 'if I told thim to take a ladleful befure ivry meal, they'd despise it, so I prescribe half-a-tay-spoonful ivry other day an' they think it must be very pow'rful stuff. I give a good dale iv nithro-glycerine in me practice, an' it always cheers th' patient up, if he's a sthrong man with a digestion like a horse that bucks whin he overloads it. He's seen th' thooryputick effeck iv this here lotion

on rock an' he says to himsilf: "Th' Dock's got th' right idee." An' he makes a picture in his mind's eye iv an Eyetalian runnin' out in front iv him wavin' a red flag to stop th' sthreet-ca-ars an' yellin' "Blast!" an' th' medicine goin' off with a bang an' blowin' th' pain in his chest to splinters. I give some to ye'er frind Hinnissy,' he says. 'He come back in a little while. "What do ye want?" says I. "Ye f'rgot th' fuse," says he.'"

"I did no such thing," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, niver mind," said Mr. Dooley. "Annyhow most iv th' doctors has quit givin' medicine an' ar-re givin' advice. It's betther too. They don't have to write it down an' it can't be used at th' inquest. Th' fav'rite prescription is: 'Don't worry.' Wan day Hogan found himsilf out iv a job, he owed his month's rent an' he had th' nooralgy. He met Dock Larkin, an' th' dock says: 'Ye don't look well.' 'I've got th' nooralgy,' says Hogan. 'Th' throuble with ye,' says th' dock, 'is that ye worry. If ye promise me to quit worryin' I'll promise

to cure ye'er nooralgy,' says he. 'Don't ye dare lay hands on this nooralgy iv mine,' says Hogan. 'I don't want it cured. It's th' on'y thing I've got that takes me mind off me worries. But,' he says, 'ye can cure th' worries if ye want to. Can ye let me have thirty dollars? If ye haven't th' dhrug in ye'er pocket ye can give me a prescription an' I'll have it filled at th' bank,' says he.

"Me own idee is that none iv these new-fashioned idees is iver goin' to take th' place iv th' good, sthrong ol' pizins that they used to ladle into ye. Whin I was a boy th' village dock give his patient a horse dhrench, an' I've often wondhered how he got it down without throwin' th' invalid an' havin' wan assistant set on him while another twisted his nose. That was med'cine all right enough, an' it's th' kind I like to see now that I know that I have nawthin' th' matter with me, but I'm th' innocent victim iv an attack on me wurruks be millyuns iv bloodthirsty mickrobes that has invaded me inteeryor an' ar-re bein' opposed be squadhrons iv frindly

germs. I feel like Bilgium. I'm angry because me noothrality has been vilated. This here germ theery is th' finest thing th' docks iver invinted f'r a sick man. It stirs his spoortin' feelin'. In th' ol' days a man was ashamed iv bein' sick. He thought there was something th' matther with him. Now he knows he's all right. There's nawthin' th' matter with him if he can on'y kill off th' invaders iv his sov'reignty. He wants to advance on thim with shot an' shell. He wants th' sthrongest, th' ugliest lookin', th' worst smellin', th' vilest tastin', th' most pizenous dark brown mixture that th' dock can get out iv his ammynition wagon. An' as each batthry is fired, he may choke but he'll say: 'Take that, ye varmints,' like Nick iv th' Woods mowin' down th' dusky redskins.

"Th' dock comes down in th' mornin' afther makin' a reconnaissance iv ye'er blood, ye may say, an' finds ye settin' up in bed with th' light iv battle in ye'er eyes. 'Dock,' says ye, 'how did yisterday's engagement

come out?' 'Magnificent,' says he. 'They must have lost at laste a millyon in kilt an' wounded an' there can't be more thin three or four millyons left. I intind to attack them in foorce to-day, an' I'm sindin' in provisyons f'r th' frindly mickrobes that is harassin' their outposts,' he says. Ye begin to feel like a gin'ral, bedad, settin' on a horse with a spyglass in ye'er hand, directin' th' fire iv th' artillery undher Colonel O'Leary, while th' frindly mickrobes with loud hurrahs carries wan position afther another. An' whin th' crool war is over ye think iv ye'ersilf standin' on a platform reviewin' th' frindly mickrobes as they march past undher their tattered ensigns an' maybe pensionin' thim f'r life. An' aven if th' medicine or th' inimy kills ye, ye can picture ye'ersilf like Gin'ral Wolfe lanin' on his elbow on th' hites iv Abr'ham an' dyin' contint, an' with just as good a raison as he had.

"No, sir, whin I come to think iv it, I'll not deny th' pleasure iv bein' sick. It's th' on'y way some people has iv callin' attin-

tion to thimsilves an' bein' talked about. If I tell Hogan ye're well he don't care. But if I say ye're sick he's got inthrest enough in ye at laste to ask: 'What's th' matther with him?' Ivry sick man is a hero, if not to th' wurruld or aven to th' fam'ly, at laste to himsilf. An' 'tis th' proper business iv th' doctor to make him feel like wan. A patient in th' hands iv a doctor is like a hero in th' hands iv a story writer. He's goin' to suffer a good dale, but he's goin' to come out all right in th' end. But what I'd like to know is what th' doctors get out iv it. They may cure ye, but they can't make thimsilves feel any betther. Ye have an idee that if ye had th' ondivided attintions iv a good dock ye'd live so long that ye'd dhry up and blow away, but I often see th' names iv good doctors in thim little advertisements iv those that ar-re sthruck out that's printed in th' pa-apers undher th' births an' marredges. They don't get much fame. Some fellow that's kilt a hundhred thousan' men is more apt to get into th'

Ditch'nry iv Bio-graphy, mind ye, thin a man that's saved a millyon lives. In times past th' on'y way that they cud get thimsilves remimbered be posterity was be havin' some disease named afther thim that they'd invinted, or some part iv th' wurruks that was not charted befure. Wan man wint thundhrin' down th' ages because he found a patch in a man's inteeryor that no wan iver knew was there befure, an' his confreres done him th' honor to name it afther him. Another surgeon had a place in ye named afther him that if Dock O'Leary sticks this namesake with his thumb an' ye holler, ye have to be cut open. It's a quare way that Hodgkins, Graves, an' Bright has took to immortality. Whin ye come to think iv it, it's kind iv fresh f'r a sthrange dock to stick his name on a malady that ye're shelterin'. If a sick man is entitled to annything it ought to be to give his own name to his own complaints. It's hard to think that afther harborin' this imperfection f'r years ye have no claim on it. Ye feel like sayin':

'Well, Dock Bright, if this is ye'er namesake, come an' take it away with ye. I don't want it.'

"What do they get out iv it? Not money. People ar-re very bashful about settlin' f'r havin' their lives saved. It's aisier to ampytate a millyonaire's leg thin his bank roll, an' manny a man goes hopefully to th' op'ratin' table who's afraid he'll bleed to death if he pays th' bill. Dock O'Leary says he made a mistake whin he carved Grogan, th' wealthy plumber. He says he give th' chloroform too arly. He shud've give it to him with th' bill.

"It's a gr-reat purfissyon an' I know it, but I wouldn't follow it f'r anny amount iv money.

"The dock goes about all day long makin' people comfortable because they're incurable an' oncomfortable because they ain't, walkin' a hospital, welcomin' new life into th' wurruld, an' watchin' ol' life goin' out iv it, dodgon' warrants fr'm anti-vivisectionists that has nacharally more iv a fellow feelin' f'r

rabbits an' guinea pigs thin f'r human bein's.

"'Tis only be finin' people with delusions iv bad health that doctors can afford to give their time to people that has something th' matter with thim. If ye woke me up in th' middle iv th' night an' screamed over th' tillyphone: 'In th' name iv our common humanity bring over a can iv lager. I et salt fish f'r supper an' I'm dyin' iv th' dhrought,' it's not five cints but five dollars I'd charge ye f'r th' panacee."

"Dock O'Leary," said Mr. Hennessy, "tells me a rival is takin' away a lot iv his practice be puttin' ivrybody on a dite. He didn't say who it was."

"He told me," said Mr. Dooley. "It's th' high cost iv livin'."

ON "THE GIFT OF ORATORY"

"I SEE," said Mr. Dooley, "that a society has been formed to stop afther-dinner orathry an' I expict ivry day to read that its rooms has been raided by the polis. F'r, iv coorse, this is a murdher s'ciety, like th' Mafeeya. Th' on'y way ye can prevint an afther-dinner orator fr'm oratin' afther dinner is to sthrangle him. It wudden't do anny good not to ask him to th' bankit. He'd go annyhow.

"He'd disguise himsilf as a waiter or concale himsilf behind th' potted palms an' as soon as th' dimmy-tassies came on he'd leap out an' begin: 'Misther Chairman an' gintlemen, I am reminded be this occasion iv a story that I got fr'm me ol' frind Dock Hostetter'—an' so on."

"Ye didn't always feel that way," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I know I didn't," said Mr. Dooley. "'Twas wanst the hite of me ambition to

stand up behind a bank iv flowers, with a good see-gar in wan hand an' a napkin in th' other an' wan minyit have me aujience convulsed with laughter an' another minyit dissolved in tears. I told ye a long time ago what a tur-rble fist I made iv it, how I f'rgot to commit anny part iv the oration to mimry excipt th' parts that ar-re printed in brackets like: applause, loud an' prolonged laughter, cries iv 'No, no. Go on,' an' th' like, an' how without utthrin' a wurrud I sunk to me chair a mute, ingloryous Dan'l Webster. Since thin I go to a bankit iv th' Dimmycratic club on'y to injye mesilf be watchin' th' fellows that ixpects to be called on f'r speeches an' obsarve th' wealthy conthractor that has just been ilicted goin' without nourishment because he don't know which fork to use.

"But because I was th' most tur-rble failure as an orator that th' wurruld has iver seen, is no raison why I should want to suppriss th' poor fellows be vi'lence. It's us that encourages them that is to blame. Ivry

nation injyes some kind iv a crool spoort an' afther-dinner orathry is th' same with us as bull-fightin' is with the Spanyards.

"Did ye iver go to a bankit? Iv coorse not. Why did I ask ye such a foolish question? Well, ye go into a big room where there's a lot iv little tables occypied be people that ar-re there to injye themsilves, an' a long, raised table where they stick th' condemned culprits. A man who has been chose because iv his harsh manners an' th' ready flow iv insults at his command sets in th' middle amongst thim. He's the on'y wan at aise in th' line. An' why shudden't he be at aise? He's the ixicutioner. Th' others ar-re pale with ambition an' fright. They do not ate or dhrink anything that's passed to thim. They don't speak to each other. Now an' thin they moisten their parched lips with a sip iv wather. But most iv th' time they're wurrukin' away with little stubs iv pencils polishin' up their last dyin' utthrances.

"Manewhile th' la'ads at th' little tables

who ar-re not lookin' f'r fame or glory ar-re havin' a gran' time. It's 'Hey, waither, bring another goord iv that Fr-rinch cider,' 'Well, Mike, here's bad luck to ye,' 'Boy, some more dimmy-tassy.' Good stories ar-re goin' round, guests are stealin' each other's souvenirs to take home to th' childher, at a corner table four ol' gintlemen ar-re singin' in clost harmony: 'I was seein' Nelly home.' All at wanst th' chairman gets up, hammers f'r silence, an' inthrojooces th' first speaker in these glowin' terms: 'Gintlemen,' he says, 'th' best iv times must come to an end. We ar-re so unforchnit as to have with us to-night th' Hon'rable E. Lemuel Higgs, who is known to th' polis as th' Big Wind iv th' Sixteenth Ward. I don't know how he got in, but here he is. He has ast me to be allowed to addhress ye, an' owin' to th' prisince iv a few iv me mortal inimies in the aujience I have consinted. Guests ar-re requisted to injye themsilves as best they can durin' his ballyhoo but I must remind thim that if they applaud him with th' chinyware

they will be charged with breakage. Gintlemen, Misther Higgs.'

"At that th' poor fellow leaps to his feet. His face is now a light green in color an' it wears a smile that makes ye think he may have took an overdose iv sthrychnine. Befure he is fairly up he hurls a convivial story at th' aujience. It splutters f'r a minyit an' goes out in th' air like a fire-cracker on a rainy Foorth iv July. He thries another an' th' la-ads down below begin to scrape their feet an' move their chairs. Convarsation starts up again. Th' waiters thrip over chairs. There is a noise iv breakin' dishes in th' panthry. Th' fiddler in th' orchesthry choons his fiddle. An' th' ol' gintlemen in th' corner begin singin' th' sicond verse iv 'Seein' Nelly Home,' which is the same as th' first an' th' twinty-sivinth.

"But Higgs goes right on. He can't stop aven if he wanted to an' now he don't want to. Fin'lly th' brutal chairman hauls him back be th' coattail, yells 'Time' so that it can be heerd above th' hilarity; he murmurs

a few wurruds in thanks an' sets down in his chair, mops his face with a napkin, an' turns to his neighbor an' says: 'How d'ye think it wint?' But th' neighbor's throat is so dry that he can't answer. He's th' nex' victim to be led to th' thrapdure. An' mind ye these ar-re th' first speakers. Th' last orator, if he isn't dead iv fright be th' time he's called has to compete with a dozen argyments an' close harmony quartets, th' loud laugh that speaks th' vacant bottle, an' maybe a rough-an'-tumble fight or two.

"I wanst knew a man that was a habbitchool afther-dinner speaker. He cuddent pass a resthrant without composin' a speech, an' afther he'd finished a frugal meal iv wheat cakes an' dhraw-wan in a dairy lunch, he wud rise an', bowin' to the waithress, say, 'Misther Chairman' befure he cud recover himself. He was a pale, thin man because he attinded a bankit every night iv his life an' niver cud ate annything. 'Why d'ye do it, foolish wan?' says I. 'I don't know,' says he. 'I hate it. No wan can imagine

th' suffrin's I endure while waitin' to be called on or th' reemorse that follows th' speech,' he says. Something ought to be done to heal these mis'rable brethren iv ours. But I don't believe in harsh methods. Little be little their mind an' body shud be strengthened. They shud be encouraged to shut up. All comic pa-apers shud be kept fr'm thim. Each afther-dinner orator shud be confined to a room be himsilf an' th' nurse shud serve his meals through th' thransom. No meal shud be spoke iv as dinner. Ye niver heard iv an afther-breakfast orator or an afther-supper orator.

"I can remimber whin afther-dinner orathry was wan iv th' proudest instichoochions iv American life—whin th' sayin' was that hundhreds iv people wint to bankits to hear Chansy Depoo talk an' so did Chansy Depoo. But that day has gone by. People ar-re tired iv amachoor orators, an' th' nex' step will be to hire thrained speakers to help us di-gest our vittles just the same as we hire thrained musicians.

"There is an ol' sayin' that annybody who can speak well can sing. Nobody wud iver think iv askin' me or Roger Sullivan to sing. Thin why, says I, shud they ask us to speak? No, sir, at bankits in th' future, whin th' coffee has come on an' th' good fellows ar-re jugglin' with th' pussy caffeys, th' chairman will get up an' say, 'Now, gintlemen, if ye will be so good as to remain silent Sin'tor Bivridge will oblige with a tenor speech.' An' th' handsome young Sinitor will step fr'm behind a screen, ask th' leader f'r th' key iv G sharp an' launch his high notes on th' threaty with Columbya.

"An' afther all what is an orator but a kind iv musicyan or pote? There's no form iv amusement that I like betther after a week's hard wurruk thin to go to a picnic in Downer's Grove, an' be lulled to dhreams or excited to a frinzy be an oration fr'm a good orator. I've heerd orations that I cud do a two-step to, an' manny a time have I gone home hummin' bits out iv a speech on th' tariff to mesilf. Th' night I heerd Willum Jennings

Bryan's cross-iv-goold speech I wint over to Hogan's house an' picked out th' chune with wan finger on th' pianny. It was that musical. Ivry gr-reat orator ought to be accompanied be an orchesthry or, at worst, a pianist who wud play trills while th' artist was refreshin' himsilf with a glass iv ice wather. I don't think th' Chat-talky people know how to advertise their headliner. If I was thim I'd put out bills like this:

ONPARALELD ATTHRACTIONS

At Odd Fellows' Hall, Choosdah night, will be prisinted this mammoth array iv onheerd iv cilibrities:

TH' HIVENLY ENDOWED CHILDHER IV ORFEUS
TH' SWISS YODELLERS
TH' JAPANESE JUGGLERS

IN THEIR NERVE-SHATTHRIN' AN' HEART DESTHROYIN' SPECIALTY

ZEKE AN' CY
WURRULD'S CHAMPEEN WOOD CHOPPERS

ESTELLE—TH' MONTMORENCIES—CLARENCE THRICK BICYCLE RIDERS

Th' whole dazzlin' an' megatheryal display to close with th' first appearance in this city iv

TH' GREATEST IV NACHRAL ORATORS
WILLUM JENNINGS BRYAN

WHO WILL RENDER HIS CILLYBRATED BARYTONE SOLO: "TH' PRINCE IV PEACE" (ACCOMPANIED ON TH' PICCOLO BE PROFISSOR WOODROW WILSON). N. B.—MISTHER BRYAN IS TH' ON'Y LIVIN' BARYTONE WHO CAN REACH HIGH C WITHOUT STANDIN' ON HIS TOES

Admission: Gents, wan dollar; gents accompanied be ladies, wan-fifty; childher, twenty-five cints. Infants in ar-rums or out iv thim not admitted at anny price.

"We haven't been fair to orators in th' past. We've been so thrilled be these gr-reat artists that we've taken thim away fr'm their career an' put thim into Governmint

jobs, makin' mere dhrudges iv thim whin they might betther be out in th' wurruld softening' th' hearts iv men with their mellow notes. Me frind Gallagher was th' gr-reatest campaign pote that iver lived. He wrote a pome wanst beginnin' 'We'll carry this ward f'r Hopkins fr'm the mountains to th' sea,' an' be hivens while he was singin' it I thought they was mountains an' sea in th' ward. But the nex' day I come to th' con-clusyion that he meant fr'm th' steel wurruks to th' South Branch iv th' river. Afther th' iliction he put in an applycation f'r superintindint iv bridges. Did th' mayor give it to him? He did not. He said he wud not shackle janius in this manner. He app'inted him gas inspictor, which, as he said, wud give him ample opporchoonity to coort th' muse, an' he handed th' other place to Jim Cassidy who niver made a longer speech thin 'What'll ye all have?' in his life.

"No, sir, 'tis a gr-reat mistake to tear these artists fr'm their specyalty an' show

thim up. Let thim go on pleasantly swayin' th' hearts iv men. It's betther thin governin' thim, annyhow. It don't follow that because a man can write or talk beautifully about plumbing that ye hire him to mend th' kitchen sink. Ye do not. Ye say to ye'ersilf: 'Demostheens moved me so much be his iloquent appeal f'r good plumbin' that I'll sind f'r a plumber to mend th' waste-pipe.' No man in this country can tell ye more about th' currency bill thin Larkin, th' blacksmith, yet whin a customer hands him a two-dollar bill f'r shoein' a horse he has to get a piece iv chalk an' figure th' change on th' side wall iv his shop. Orators an' iditors sildom do well in office. They have to express opinyons right off th' stove on ivry known subjick in language that ivry wan will remimber an' repeat, an' afther that they can't change without somebody diggin' up what they said.

"Did an orator iver change ye'er vote?" asked Mr. Hennessy after thinking a moment.

"Always, me frind," said Mr. Dooley impressively; then, with a convincing wave of his hand: "If he's a bad orator I vote again him instinctively, an' if he's a good wan who's swayed me soul I always do so as a kind iv an act of conthrition f'r lettin' me feelin's make a fool iv me."

ON GOLF

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I don't want to say annything that wud hurt a frind, but I do think th' authorities ar-re very lax in lavin' Hogan at large, as they ar-re doin'."

"An' what ails Hogan?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"He's got what th' dock calls a fixed deelusion," said Mr. Dooley. "He thinks he's a goluf player. No, he don't play th' game. Nobody does that. They wurruk at it. But Hogan he slaves at it. He don't think iv annything else. He takes it down to th' wather-office with him in th' mornin', an' he carries it home with him at night an' sleeps with it. If ye go over to his house at this minyit ye'll find him in th' front parlor swingin' a poker an' tellin' th' good woman how he played th' eighth hole. There's nawthin' more excitin' to th' mother

iv siven at th' end of a complete wash-day thin to listen to an account iv a bum goluf game fr'm th' lips iv her lifemate. 'Tis almost as absorbin' as th' invintory iv a grocery store. I was over there th' other night, an' he broke three panes iv glass showin' me what he calls a mashie shot, an' he near took an ear off his aunt Bridget practisin' with a war-club that he calls a nibbelick. I wudden't be harsh with him, but a few months or aven years in a well upholstered cell with a ball an' chain on his leg, might restore him to himself an' make him again th' safe an' bashful husband an' father he wanst was.

"But 'tis a gr-reat game, a gr-rand, jolly, hail-fellow-well-met spoort. With th' exciption maybe iv th' theery iv infant damnation, Scotland has given nawthin' more cheerful to th' wurruld thin th' game iv goluf. Whin 'twas first smuggled into this counthry, I cudden't make out what 'twas like. I thought whin I first read about it that it was intinded f'r people with a hackin' cough,

an' that no wan who was robust enough to play 'Twinty Questions' in a wheel-chair, wud engage in it without a blush. I had it in me mind that 'twas played iv a rainy afthernoon in th' front parlor. Th' two athletes got out their needles an' their embroidery canvas, give a shout iv glee an' flew at it. Th' results was submitted to th' 'Ladies Home Journal,' an' me frind Eddie Bok decided who was champeen, an' give him a goold thimble f'r a prize.

"But I know betther now. 'Tis a rough an' angry game, full of ondacint remarks an' other manly charackteristics, d'ye mind. An' whin 'tis over it laves as much bad blood as a German submarine. At th' end iv ivry goluf match th' player loathes himsilf, is not on speakin' terms with th' fellow he played agin, cud kill his own caddy an' his opponent's, an' hates th' criminal that laid out th' coorse, th' game itsilf, th' Jook iv Argyll, each wan iv his clubs, th' little bur-rd that twittered whin he was shootin', th' pretty wild flowers on th' margin iv th' links,

an' each separate spear iv grass on th' puttin'-green. If that Dutch pote that wrote th' 'Hymn iv Hate' wants to write an-other on th' same subjeck with a rale punch in it he ought to larn goluf. 'Twuld help him.

"How's it played, says ye? I don't exactly know. I niver studied law. But ye can get th' rules iv th' game in th' public library, in siven volumes edited be th' Lord Chief Justice iv Scotland. If ye have a dispute over th' rules, th' quickest way to get a decision is to hire a lawyer, make a test case, an' carry it to th' supreem coort. In a gin'ral way, all I can say about it is that it's a kind iv a game iv ball that ye play with ye'er own worst inimy which is ye'ersilf, an' a man ye don't like goes around with ye an' gloats over ye, an' a little boy follows ye to carry th' clubs an' hide th' ball afther ye've hit it. Th' ball is small, made iv injy rubber an' filled with a pizinous substance, an' if ye hit it a good smash it busts an' puts out ye'er eye. Ye're supposed to smash this little grenade fr'm place

to place an' here an' there an' up an' down an' hither an' yon with an enormous insthrument iv wood or iron, ontill in due time ye get to what is called a puttin'-green. There's a little hole with a tin can in it in th' middle iv this place, an' whin ye're within a fut or two iv this hole ye take a small hammer out iv th' bag, an' ye hit th' ball four or five times till it tumbles into th' hole. Thin ye wipe th' cold sweat fr'm ye'er brow, write down '5' on a little card, an' walk away a few feet an' do it all over again.

"So far so good. But that ain't nearly all. Ye've got along pretty well, pokin' th' ball down th' pretty grass, whin wan day ye see a dark, evil-lookin' man watchin' ye. Ye mark him at wanst as ye'er inimy, an' well it is ye do, f'r he's th' expert that is layin' out th' coorse. He marks th' spot where ye'er best shot goes, an' says he, with a scowl 'I'll fix that crokey-playin' plumber.' An' he digs a hole five feet deep an' dumps a wagon iv soft coal ashes into it. Thin he picks out th' other places where ye loved to

land, an' he puts in railroad ties, barbed wire, ditches, mounds, pizen-ivy, blackberry bushes, thrailin'-arbutus, a swamp, an' a field iv thistles, tears down a hill an' builds a mountain, gashes th' fair face iv nature with gapin' caverns an' chasms filled with gravel, cigaret stumps, brick-bats, sardine cans, hairpins, an' futprints, calls thim bunkers, an' goes his way. This pro-fis-syonal torturer is what is known as a goluf archytect. If ye left a thurly good goluf archytect in th' garden iv Eden f'r an hour he'd make it look like Bilgium afther th' war.

"Well, ye play wanst through this jungle that a wire-haired tarryer cudden't get into, an' ye're told be a frind that ye ought to take a lesson. So ye pick out a bright-faced Scotch lad with a head shaped like a alligator pear an' who can hit th' ball a mile blindfolded an' ye give him what change ye have an' ask him to pint out ye'er faults. He pints out all ye'er wife has told ye about an' manny dark wans besides. I see Hogan

takin' a goluf lesson wanst, an' how he iver dared to lift his head again is more thin I cud undherstand. Afther th' pro-fissyonal has recited th' catalog iv ye'er sins an' vices, an' ye've made an act iv conthrition, he tells ye how to hit th' ball. Ye'd think that ought to be aisy. Just go up an' give it a cuff.

"But it ain't annything like as soft as that. There ar-re forty different things ye have to think iv with each shot, an' if ye do wan iv thim wrong, ye're a lost soul. When ye'er idjication is completed ye go out an' do all th' things he told ye, but nineteen, an' th' ball skips lightly into a pit. Now is ye'er time to escape. If ye lave it lie there, turn ye'er back on it, run to th' parish-house an' ask f'r th' prayers iv th' congregation, it may not be too late. Ye may be saved. Fly, weak an' wretched man, while ye have th' strenth! But if ye delay, if ye step but wan fut into th' thrap, ye're doomed an' on'y th' kindly hand iv death will release ye fr'm a life iv shame.

"Oh, 'tis th' jolly game, th' jolly ol'

Scotch game. No wondher it's played all over th' counthry. Th' next pleasantest feelin' in th' wurruld to bein' perfectly happy is bein perfectly cross. That's why it's took up be middle-aged gintlemen. They want a chanst to go into a towerin' rage in th' open an' undher th' blue sky. To a goluf player, Hinnissy, th' spreadin' ellum three, a bloomin' rose bush, or a purlin' brook ar-re not what they seem to us. He don't use what ye call figures of speech about thim. No, sir, he uses a nibblelick or a fish-net.

"Another gr-reat injoocement to men to spind their Sundays on th' goluf-coorse is th' prisince iv th' fair sect. Hogan tells me there's nawthin' so pleasant to a tired player as to come up on a tee an' find in front iv him four beautiful ladies. Niver excipt in a sleepin'-car in th' mornin' ar-re ladies so atthractive as whin ye see thim fr'm a tee, with their lovely hair out iv curl, their tender faces tanned a lively pink or vermilion, an' a lumber jack's boots on their dainty

feet, while they dab pitcheresquely at th' herbage or stand in graceful attichoods on th' puttin'-green correctin' each other's scoors. Their presence lights up th' whole landscape an' gives th' men players a chanst to rest an' gnash their teeth.

"Yes, sir, th' bravest an' th' best an' th' fairest can be seen, east or west, or north or south, beltin' away winter an' summer at this noble game or hallucynation or rite or whativer ye call it—sinitors, judges, congressmen, gr-reat iditors, preachers, th' prisidint himsilf. Whin a reporther wants to see Dock Wilson he don't look f'r him in th' White House. No, sir. But ye r-read: A riprisintative iv th' 'Daily Gloom' found th' Prisidint on th' eighteenth green. He seemed in very good spirits. Whin told that Count von Bernstorff had set fire to th' threasury departmint, Ambassador Gerard had been pizened be th' Kaiser, an American battleship had been sunk be Cap Boy-Ed in th' North River, an' Dernburg was ladin' a charge iv th' turn-d'ye-mind

armed with dumb-bells an' bowlin'-pins on Governor's Island, he laughed good naturedly an' said: 'We mustn't get too excited about this kind iv playfulness. I'll write thim a little letter th' first time we have a rainy day. By th' way, me boy, whin ye go down to ye'er office, I'd like ye to turn in this scoor an' tell th' spoortin' editor I missed a short putt f'r an eight at th' sixteenth. Otherwise I niver played betther.'

"Did I iver see th' game played? Faith, I did. Th' other mornin' I see Hogan go out with his kit iv tools. In other games wan bat is enough. but in goluf ye have to own twinty. All th' money that used to go f'r shoes in Hogan's fam'ly now goes f'r goluf-clubs. If he manages to hit th' ball with a club, he tells ye he wudden't part with that club f'r a hundherd dollars an' asts ye to feel it an' say ain't that a nice club. Whin he misses it he says th' club has gone back on him an' he buys a new wan. He has as manny implymints iv this new thrade iv his as a tinker. He has a hammer to beat

th' ball into th' ground with, an' a pick to get it out, an' a little shovel to scrape it fr'm th' sand, an' a little hatchet to knock it into th' hole whin he gets near it. 'Where ar-re ye goin' with th' hardware?' says I. 'Is it to open a safe or build a battleship?' says I. 'I'm goin' to play goluf,' says he angrily. 'This is th' day I hang Larkin's hide on th' fence,' he says.

"So I followed him out to Douglas Park, an' there we met Larkin, who had a bag iv akel size. Hogan used to be champeen caber tosser iv th' ward an' Larkin was a sthructural ir'n-wurruker befure his health give out an' he become a horseshoer, but they groaned undher their burdens. Fortchnitly at that moment two bright little boys iv about eight years stepped up an' relieved thim iv their burden. 'What are these pigmies goin' to do with this here year's output iv th' Gary mills?' says I. 'They're goin' to carry thim,' says Larkin. 'They're caddies,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'tis very nice iv th' little toddlers. Th' young cannot

start too arly in helpin' th' aged. But,' I says, 'why don't ye get up on their backs an' have thim carry ye around? A little more weight wudden't make much difference,' says I. 'Hush up,' says Hogan.

"Th' poor fellow was standin' on what they call th' tee, which is where ye take th' first lick at th' ball. He had a pole in his hand an' was swingin' it at a dandeline an' missin'. Ivinchooly he stepped up to where th' ball roosted on a little pile iv sand, stood with his legs apart like th' statue he calls th' Goloshes iv Rhodes, waggled th' stick in th' air, p'inted it tords th' pole, cried out, 'Stand away, Larkin, get round behind me, Martin, stop shufflin' there, boy,' an' screamed 'Fore' at a fat old gintleman that was at wurruk in a thrench three city blocks ahead. Thin he hauled off with th' bat, muttherin' to himsilf: 'Eye on th' ball, slow back, keep th' lift arm sthraight, pivot on th' right foot, folly through.' Up crept th' dhread insthrument slow an' cautious an' down it came with a blow that wud've

foorced th' Dardanelles. I expicted to see th' ball splintered into a thousan' pieces or disappear into space. But it didn't. It left th' tee ridin' on a piece iv turf th' size iv ye'er hat, floated lazily off to wan side, dhropped, bounced twice, an' nestled in a bush. 'Watch it, boy,' yells Hogan. 'Watch it. Go right to it. Oh,' says he, 'what did I do that was wrong, what *did* I do?' says he, wringin' his hands. 'Ye dhropped ye're right shouldher,' says Larkin. 'Took ye're eye off it,' says Larkin's caddy. 'Toed it,' says an innocint bystander. 'Ye made a mistake thryin' to hit at all. Ye shud've kicked it,' says I. Hogan stood by, his face convulsed with mortyfication ontil Larkin, a man whose Sunday mornin' recreation used to be raisin' a kag iv beer over his head fifty times, give a lunge at th' ball, done a complete spin an' missed it altogether. Thin a wan smile come to Hogan's lips. 'What ar-re ye haw-hawin' about?' says Larkin. They niver spoke again. Most iv th' time they weren't in speakin' distance iv each other. Fr'm

time to time they wud meet be chanst on a puttin'-green an' Hogan wud say to himsilf: 'I'm down in twelve,' an' Larkin wud kick his ball over to th' next tee. So they wint rollickin' on. Hogan spoke to me wanst. He said: 'Dammit, stop coughin'.' Whin I left thim at th' sivinth hole th' excitemint was at its hite. Larkin' was lookin' f'r his ball in a geeranyum bush, an' Hogan was choppin' down an evergreen three with wan iv his little axes. 'Where ar're ye goin'?' says he. 'I don't know,' says I, 'but I may dhrop in at th' morgue an' listen to an inquest,' says I. 'I've got to spend me holiday someway,' says I.

"I see Hogan th' next day an' asked him why he played. 'Why,' says I, 'd'ye make a joke iv ye'ersilf at ye'er time iv life, an' ye a man with a family?' says I. 'That's just it,' says he. 'I do it because iv me time iv life an' me fam'ly cares,' says he. 'I defy anny man in th' wurruld to get a bad lie in a bunker an' think iv annything else. He's that mad all his other sorrows, his

debts, his sins, an' his future, disappears,' he says, 'like a summer cloud in a hur'cane. I'm that onhappy nawthin' bothers me. If a man come up an' told me me house was afire I'd not hear him. I don't know what it is,' says he, 'onless,' he says, 'it's th' feelin' that ye're bein' persecuted. It's ye'er sinse iv injustice that's stirred up in ye, that makes ye injye a round,' says he."

"Is th' Prisident a good goluf player, d'ye know, at all?" asked Mr. Hennessy after a moment of judicial silence.

"As a goluf player he cud give Lincoln a sthroke a hole," said Mr. Dooley.

ON "THE GAME OF CARDS"

"Who d'ye suppose iver invinted cards?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Faith," said Mr. Dooley, "ye'll have to ask some wan older thin me. Wan iv me arliest ricollections was seein' me father pull a pack out iv his coat-tail pocket, wet his thumb, and dale a hand to th' village smith. I know they're that old annyhow. Hogan says the origin iv cards is lost in antikity, an' be th' dim light iv th' dawn iv civilization, primitive man, says he, took a peek at his neighbor's hand an' hauled an ace out iv his boot. He says all games iv cards ar-re as old as th' hills. Like as not Moses could bate ye at siven up, an' Joolyus Cayzar make a hare iv ye at forty-fives.

"I don't suppose there's anny game iv cards I haven't played, or anny wan that I know. Th' style iv thim changes too quick f'r me. I study thim all as they come along, an'

about th' time me idjacation is finished and payed f'r an' I'm at th' pint where I can prolong th' struggle f'r me money till midnight, all me frinds stop playin' th' game I've larned an' start somethin' new, an' I have to begin all over an' take another expinsive coorse.

"What makes the style iv card games? I don't know anny more thin what makes thim in women's clothes. Maybe there's an internaytional s'ciety iv card-sharks that meets in convintion at Monty Carlo, th' Prince iv Monyco in th' chair. It is a dignified an' ortherly gatherin', somethin' like the New York Constitootional Convintion, on'y more thoughtful. Th' visitor is much impressed be th' sight iv these pale grane faces with their wealth iv purple mustaches. There is no need iv electric lights. Th' hall is illuminated be th' dimon shirt studs iv th' dillygates. They set in silence, thoughtfully shakin' dice into their hats or sharpenin' their finger nails with goold handled files. In th' corridor there is an inthrestin' exhibit iv loaded dice, electhric roulette

wheels, phoney dailin' boxes, an' other scientific devices f'r relievin' the suff'rin rich iv their anxieties. In small lecture rooms larned pro-fissors have their clinics where they show how to skin two suckers at wan time while keepin' th' third on ice; new methods iv concealin' th' taste iv chloral in th' champagne; various ways iv slippin' th' nicissary gilt to th' reform mayor iv th' town, an' so on through all iv th' schemes.

"Th' chairman in his openin' addhress says he is pained to repoort a marked decline in business durin' th' past year. Th' war has made frightful inroads on their customers, manny iv whom have gone to th' front an' got what was comin' to thim. He was glad to be able to say that so far as he knew not a single pro-fissyonal gambler had enlisted in this horrible and needless sthrife. (*Applause.*) Th' pro-fissyon had given new proof iv its consarvitism an' carrid on th' hon'rble thradition that no rale gambler iver took a chance. (*Cheers. A voice: 'Why should one?'*) Th' gintleman (*Pat-*

hand Pete) was right. Why should indeed we? This was wan form iv shell-game that th' profissyon didn't care about. (*Laughter.*) It was not fair. Th' shells were loaded.

"Still, he wint on, it wud not do f'r th' profissyon to rest on its well-arned larls. They faced a crisis, an' they must meet it with scientific methods. In his own territory business had come to a sthandstill. Th' Rooshyan thrade had practically ceased to exist. He had been able to rejooce expinses be cuttin' off th' Eyetalian countesses fr'm th' pay-roll an' firin' th' newspaper corryspondints, an' he was no longer burdened with th' fun'ral expinses iv th' suicides. But to show to what sthraits he had been rejooced, he would tell the dillygates in confidence that in ordher to keep his autymobill in gas he had been obliged to shoot craps with th' head waiter iv th' Caffe de Paree. 'He is a Swiss,' th' Prince wint on, 'an' like most iv that proud race sincerely attached, not to say rivetted to his money, but,' he added with a smile, 'I shot

big Dick an' thrimmed th' Helveetyan down to his passport.' (*Loud an' prolonged laughter and applause.*)

"Yet, he said, there was a glimmer iv light in th' darkness. Th' war had timprarely closed th' stock exchanges iv th' wurruld an' caused much disthress among th' members iv an allied thrade, but he was glad to say that these dumps were open wanst again, an' anny methropolitan hick cud while away a few pleasant hours an' anny amount iv money, bettin' that th' Kenosha Pie Facthry has received an ordher fr'm th' Boolgahryan governmint f'r three hundherd millyon siventy-cintemether guns. But these were exciptions. In gin'ral, business was bad. It was to America, land iv opportunity, where a wise guy is born ivery half minyit, that th' fraternity must look f'r guidance an' inspiration in this crisis. He wud call on the chairman iv th' New York dillygation (*Misther Short Card Luke*) to expriss an opinyon.

"Th' New York leader said that while

the suff'rin' in America was not as gr-reat as it was in th' counthries cursed with war, times were bad enough. Siv'ral new pool-rooms had started up an' th' bucket-shops which had almost been rooned were now runnin' on half time. But there was much disthress in other branches iv industhree. He, himsilf, had been timpted siv'ral times to close down, an' had on'y been pre-vinted be th' thought iv th' suff'rin' that wud be caused to old and faithful employees who wud be foorced out into th' cold, dark sthreets on th' most inclement nights to arne a pree-caryous livin' f'r their fam'lies. (*Murmurs iv sympathy, wan dillygate bustin' into tears till he felt a hand on his watch.*)

"Th' New York dillygate went on to say that something new in th' way iv a card game must be invinted to stim'late thrade. Th' public had become too familyar with th' prisint games. He did not often use slang, as his father was a clergyman, but he cud p'raps best express th' situation be sayin', in th' language iv th' sthreet: 'Th'

Come-ons ar're wise to th' old stuff.' To such a pass had business come that on'y last week he was obliged to sthrangle a customer at cassino in ordher to win. Manetime, he said, fixed charges such as rent, polis protection, salaries iv dalers, cappers, pluggers, naggar porters, an' chemists, commissions to hotel an' resthrant keepers, et cethry, were pilin' up. He suggisted that th' chairman appint a comity to invint a new game, that wud resimble siv'ral old games but be diff'rent frim thim—such a pastime as a gambler cud larn in five minyits, a gintleman in tin years, an' a lady niver.

"Th' chairman appints th' comity which repoorts in th' coorse iv a week. A month later Basil Foorflush dhrops into th' club, an' finds little Cyril van Steenevant, wan iv th' brightest young fellows f'r th' size iv his hat in th' club at that time. 'Cyril,' says he, 'ye're always inthrested in findin' a new way to'rds a receivership. I've got a new game taught me be Count Zobeeny iv Austhree,' he says, pullin' a pack iv cards out

iv his pocket. 'Have a few more goblets iv sherry wine an' I'll larn it to ye. We'll play f'r a small bit while ye're mastherin' th' spoort—let's say twinty dollars a pint. These I. O. U.'s represints my stake,' he says. An' th' nex' summer Pathand Pete is settin' in th' purser's office iv th' liner. 'Was young van Steenevant soft, Dock?' says th' mariner. 'Soft?' says th' fi-nanceer. 'Why, bo, ye cudden't aven call him soft. He's liquid. He's that soft that whin ye've gone through him, ye don't know it,' he says. Cyril is takin' his post-grajate coorse in th' new game.

"That must be th' way a card game gets started, an' maybe it's th' way th' game iv auction begun. Annyhow all th' wurruld that hasn't annything better to do is playin' it. In hundherds iv thousands iv homes in this fair land four good friends are glarin' murdherously at each other over th' tops iv th' cards. Millyons iv beautiful ladies ar-re leadin' out iv th' wrong hand an' thrumpin' their pardner's thrick. In me day a lady

wud as soon've thought iv votin' or turnin' a handspring as iv gamblin'. They played cards it is thrue, but it was f'r fun—or bether f'r indignation an' anger. Th' game started pleasantly enough afther supper, but at nine-five it had become a deadly feud; at nine-thirty, sarcastic insults were passin' freely, an' just as th' clock sthruck ten, mother fired th' pack at father's head or into th' fire.

"But now-a-days it is no oncommon sight to see th' fond parent poundin' th' mantelpiece with baby's bank befure goin' out to rassle with th' Demon Chance. It is estimated that th' deposits in these little institutions has decreased ten millyon pennies since mother took to th' cards, an' no one is surprised to see a lady feedin' th' baby with wan hand an' revokin' with th' other. Though I will say this that most gamblin' ladies don't have fam'lies. Childher ar-re not their long suit, ye might say. No, I don't play th' game, especyally with ladies. If I did I'd have me head out iv th' window

half th' time callin' f'r th' polis. A game iv auction among perfect ladies wud make a cynic out iv th' Oregon Jew, who cud mark all th' face-cards be shufflin' th' deck wanst. Th' things he use do to a party iv retired grocers in a hotel game iv a Saturdah night was effeminate compared with what a lady will do in an auction game. A man's idee in a card game is war—crool, devastatin', an' pitiless. A lady's idee iv it is a combynation iv larceny, embezzlement, an' burglary. In auction th' fair sect has ivry opporchunity to show th' qualities that endear thim as card players to th' sect that is sthronger but is cursed with fear iv th' handcuffs.

"No, I niver played auction with th' fair sect, but I wanst lost a watch to a lady gambler in a street-car. But I've seen a gintleman's game, an' if, as Hogan says, th' ladies' game keeps up th' same ratio it must be about as square as an egg. I dhropped into Gallagher's house th' other night. Gallagher is a simple soul. He used to wurruk in the claim department iv a sthreet-railroad. Him

and Larkin and Grady were playin' with Hogan. Hogan is wan iv the most larned card players in th' wurruld. He's what ye might call a card-sharp. He wanst wrote a book on games iv chanst, and th' same week morgedged his house an' deposited th' proceeds in a ladin' faro-bank. I told him he ought to write another book on games iv skill an' endurance which was th' kind he was up against.

"Annyhow, there he was sortin' th' cards carefully, puttin' th' dimons among th' hearts an' th' clubs among th' spades. 'Won't ye cut in?' says Gallagher with a pleasant but hurried smile. 'No, Willum,' says I. 'Ye may get me money, but 'twill not be through dalin' me an armful iv dooses an' thrays. Ye'll have to go down to th' hardware store an' buy ye'ersilf a brace an' bit an' a pound iv joynt powdher,' says I. 'Go an' administher th' anæsthetic to Hogan,' says I. So they begins. 'I make it two clubs,' says Hogan. 'Why, ye mamalook,' says I in a whisper, 'ye haven't got a club

in ye'er hand.' 'Hush up,' says he. 'That's to tell me pardner I'm short iv dimons,' he says. 'Thin why don't ye kick him undher th' table an' pint to ye'er shirt-front?' says I. 'That wud be cheatin',' says he. 'An' what's this?' says I. ''Tis givin' information,' says he. 'It's what makes th' game th' most scientific in th' wurruld,' he says.

"Well, Hinnissy, I ain't goin' to thry to describe this here gr-reat sthruggle. It didn't last long annyhow, an' I didn't understand most iv it. But Hogan explained afther I'd paid his sthreet-car fare home. 'Ye see,' he said, 'th' idee is to give ye'er pardner as much information as ye can be ye'er biddin' an' ye'er signals,' he says. 'F'r instance,' says he, 'I bid a club. That tells me pardner I'm weak in dimons but have th' ace, king, ten, an' doose iv hearts an' th' queen, twice garded in spades. If I make it three spades it manes that I have no spades but a long club suit, three little hearts an' th' ace, queen, six, an' four iv dimons. If I make it a heart I tell me pard-

ner I can help a no thrump if he's sthrong in clubs. If I make it——'

"'That's enough,' says I. 'It's a fine game, a fine gintlemanly game. But why don't ye simplify it? What's th' use iv painin' ye'er intelleck with all these calklations?' 'What cud I do?' says he. 'Why,' says I, 'ye might write a little note to ye'er pardner describin' ye'er hand an' slip it to him undher th' table.' 'That wud be cheatin',' says he. 'This is givin' legitimate information,' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'I noticed that Gallagher didn't bother his pardner with any such inthricate system. His way iv givin' information is more nachral an' simple. I don't undherstand this gintlemanly pastime but wan time whin ye made it a heart I watched that innocent fellow. He studied his hand f'r two minyits. Thin he counted his suits with his finger while ye were gazin' into ye'er beautiful hand as if 'twas a mirror. Thin he said: "Hearts, eh?" Thin he laid down his cards and looked over at Grady an' up at th' ceilin'.

Thin he picked up th' hand again an' studied it with a frown an' said: "Pass." If Grady didn't know what to do afther that, Grady oughtn't to be at large in a gr-reat city. But he did.'

"No, sir, I niver will play auction. I'm not avarse to a game iv poker, an' I'm willin' to concede a percintage to th' readiest cheater. That's on'y fair. I've played that old-fashioned pastime with fellow mimbers iv th' County Democracy whin there was on'y thirty-six cards left in th' deck afther th' first round. I've played in a game where if a man was called to th' tillyphone he took his cards and checks with him, an' whin he came back passed six times without lookin'. But to be pleasant an' romantic, cheatin' ought to be secret. It loses all its flavor when practised in th' open. To make it accoordin' to rule is like licensin' burglary. Who wud come to be a burglar if 'twas lawful?

"But ye'll never cure Hogan iv gamblin'. 'Why does he do it?' says ye. Faith, I

don't know. If Hogan could bate the game he wudden't enjy it. He'd go on batin' it but he wudden't be happy. Ye don't see anny profissyonal gambler singin' at his wurruk anny more thin a bank prisident. Ivry night whin he has finished his breakfast, he kisses his wife at th' onyx dure iv their home an' hurries down-town in his autymobill to his labors. Thin with a weary sigh he takes off his coat, puts th' elastic band around his sleeves, an' th' sthraw hat without a top on his head, shuffles th' cards, tests th' dice, sees that th' springs ar-re wurrukin' in th' roulette-wheel, lays out th' knock-out dhrops on th' side-boord, and waits f'r Hogan.

"In due time he comes, iv coorse, an' goes through the usual formalities befure passin' over his week's wages to th' banker. But if ye watch th' two faces, which is th' happier? Is it our frind Hogan who is losin', or our frind Mose who is winnin'? Th' pro-fissyonal has a weary, pained look, but in th' amachoor's eyes there is a bright light

iv hopeless but happy avarice. He thinks he may win, but he doubts it. But Mose knows he can't, an' that takes all th' flavor out iv Mose's life. In his mind he is wondhering why Hogan should come so far whin he cud just as well sind th' money be mail. Fin'lly he can stand th' sthrain no longer. He gives a kick undher th' table, calls out: 'Double O on th' green' an' hauls in th' last iv a wanst proud fortune."

"I don't see anny objiction to a game iv cards among frinds," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Nor me either," said Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas possible. I've seen a game iv cards start among frinds, but I niver see frinds in a game iv cards. It don't stand to raison that ye can love annywan that's tuggin' at ye'er watch-chain."

ON THE ORANGE REVOLUTION OF 1914

"D'ye happen to know, Hinnissy," Mr. Dooley asked, "where I cud get th' loan iv a pike?"

"Ah, what ar-re ye talkin' about?" said Mr. Hennessy. "What wud ye be wantin' with a pike?"

"Ye'll need wan ye'ersilf befure long," said Mr. Dooley. "If ye're goin' by th' Clan rooms on ye'er way home plaze dhrop in an' look in th' closet an' see if there ain't a few old wans left. I'll pay for sharpenin' an' brightenin' thim up. What'll we do with thim, says ye? Ye'd betther be r-readin' th' pa-apers. Why, befure Pathrick's Day it's a sure thing ye'll get a writin' ordherin' ye to report f'r jooty in Dublin to protict th' authority iv th' crown again the seditious uprisin' in the north. Ye wudden't go f'r anny such purpose, says ye? Well, thin I'll put it more to ye'er likin'. They'll

be callin' on ye to repoort f'r jooty to knock th' heads off iv a lot iv Orangemen that ar-re thryin' to prevint Ireland fr'm gettin' home rule. A-ha, I knew that'd get ye. Now will ye go fetch th' pikes. I was sure ye wud.

"I wish't me Uncle Mike was alive. How he'd injye it. He'd be over there now dhrillin' th' boys. He always said he got more good out iv fightin' an Orangeman thin wan iv th' right sort because he niver felt sorry f'r it th' day afther. Th' on'y regret he'd have about th' prisint ruction is that he'd have th' polis on his side. He wudden't like that much an' it might make him luke-warm. But I don't mind it at all. F'r five hundhred years more or less ye an' me, Hinnissy, have had th' mercinary polis an' sojers takin' a hand again us in our neighborly rows, an' now thim splindid bodies iv men ar-re goin' to be with us. Think iv it, me boy! We won't rely on thim intirely, d'ye mind. We're goin' to have some fun out iv this thriumph afther five cinchries

iv opprission. 'Twill be with us as it was with thim whin they had th' right. First throw th' rock an' thin say: 'Officer, in th' name iv th' king'—it may choke me but I'll say it if it's on'y f'r th' pleasanthry—'Officer, in th' name iv the king arrest that man! His father dhropped a monkey-wrench on me uncle's head in th' year forty-two. Won't he go quitely? I'll help ye. Come, me good fellow. Ye won't. Thin, Sanderson, take that, an' that, an' also these.' It makes me a young man again to think iv it.

"Th' way th' gr-reatest joke that has iver happened in th' wurruld come about was this way. I needn't be tellin' ye how long we've been sthrugglin' to get home rule. We thried ivry kind iv persuasion fr'm talkin' gently to th' English Govermint to puttin' a charge iv joynt powdher undher their chairs. Th' last argymint was th' best but Englishmen ar-re awful unapproachable if they've got something ye want, so it wasn't often aisy to get near enough to thim to

con-vince thim this way. But wan day afther an iliction th' British prime ministher took out a pencil an' pa-aper an' figured out how manny votes in parlimint he had for him an' how manny he had again him an' says he to himself, 'Be Jove,' he says, 'if th' Irish don't vote with us we'll all lose our jobs,' he says. So he sinds f'r Jawn Redmond an' says he: 'Jawn,' he says, 'I intend to share th' fruits iv our gloryous victhry with ye,' he says. 'Our gloryous victhry,' says Jawn Redmond. 'Go on,' he says. 'Yes,' says th' prime ministher. 'Th' lib'ral party is disposed to be gin'rous with its loyal allies,' he says. 'I've prepared a program that I think will suit ye. Listen to this: "A larger navy, restoration iv th' statue iv Oliver Cromwell, repairs on Canterbury Cathedral, army increase and fin'lly free passes f'r all Irish members to th' British Museem."' 'Yr'er ginerosity overpowers me, says Jawn Redmond. 'But, ye see, mesilf an' me frinds ar-re sthrangers over here an' have no insular prejudices about what party

we belong to. Bein' able to pick an' choose we've decided that th' Tory party looks th' most tasty,' he says. 'Oh!' says th' prime ministher, 'there's another thing I f'rgot. How wud ye like home rule?' says he. 'Well,' says Jawn, 'now that ye mintion it th' subjick has crossed me mind. But whin?' he says. 'How wud nineteen hundhred an' sixty sthrike ye?' says th' prime ministher. 'Perfectly,' says Jawn Redmond. 'But ye must excuse me. I have an engagement at Tory headquarters at two an' it's now wan-forty-five,' he says. 'If that's th' case,' says th' prime ministher, 'let's shed our coats now an' get down to business. What d'ye want?' he says.

"So we're goin' to have what they call a measure in home rule. I don't know how big a measure it'll be. We've got pretty good heads f'r this here form iv intoxicant an' I hope we'll get at laste a quart. Freedom is like dhrink, Hinnissy. If ye take anny at all ye might as well take enough to make ye happy f'r awhile.

"Well, whin th' news got to th' boys that dig with th' wrong fut there was th' divvle an' all to pay. Ivry Orangeman in th' ship yards dhropped his tools on top iv his fellow workman iv th' thrue faith an' wint out, to start th' rivolution. There've been gran' meetin's ivrywhere an' I'll say this f'r thim that made thim, f'r they're fellow counthrymen iv ours though nayther iv us wud condescind to admit it f'r wan minyit, I say this, they were gran', bould, fightin' speeches. Says th' Marquess iv Monaghan, 'Me ancestors shed their blood or annyhow rented land an' sold groceries f'r this counthry, an' no man is second to me in lilety to th' British Crown, but I say this that if th' Govermint iv Great Britain passes a bill that will make it more difficult f'r me to come over here f'r th' shootin' I mesilf will lead an ar-my iv five millyon Ulster men that will disolate this island, cross th' Irish sea, march on London an' set fire to Buckingham Palace. I am no bigot,' he says, 'an' I will not appeal to ye'er prejudices. This is a purely

polytickal question an' I wudden't inthr-jooce relligon into it. So I merely say: Here's to King William, iv gloryous mim'ry, con-fusion to th' Pope an' down with brass money an' wooden shoes.' Says th' Jook iv Ballyhoo: 'It's thirty-five years since I've been in Ireland, but whin I heerd iv this odjous measure I hastened fr'm Monte Carlo to be prisint at this ruction. I think th' noble lord undherestimates th' ar-my we will raise. It will be at laste siven millyon five hundhred thousan'. But we must sthrike at wanst. There must be no delay. I have an engagement in th' South iv France f'r th' first iv March.' Th' meetin' thin sang: 'Croppies Lie Down,' 'Boyne Wather' an' other naytional anthems an' adjourned.

"'Tis a sthrange thing, Hinnissy, how th' Orangemen keep their prejudices an' ar-re still singin' thim foolish old songs about things that happened hundherds iv years ago. Thrue, we sing: 'O'Donnell Aboo' an 'Th' Shan Van Voight,' but they're

good songs an' we sing thim with jovyality. But 'tis diff'rent with th' Orangeman. He has a feelin' again us. Not always, mind ye. Ye will know that we live on th' best iv terms with thim most iv th' year. 'Tis on'y whin their disagreeable nature crops out that there's trouble. I well remimber whin I come first to th' Ar-rchy road there there was an Orangeman kept th' grocery store on th' next corner, a man be th' name iv Foster, an' as good a little fellow as iver ye see. He was a gr-reat frind iv mine but 'twas twinty to wan that if I wint by his store on Pathrick's Day singin' 'Th' Wearin' iv th' Green,' nachurlly, d'ye mind, *tords* him, he'd throw something at me out iv a window, and not wanst but a dozen times he's been so insultin' an' irritatin' on th' Twelfth iv July that I've had to chase him blocks down th' sthreet.

"Rillijon is a quare thing. Be itsilf it's all right. But sprinkle a little pollyticks into it an' dinnymite is bran flour compared with it. Alone it prepares a man f'r a betther

life. Combined with pollyticks it hurries him to it. D'ye suppose th' ol' la-ads who started all these things cinchries ago had anny rellijion ? Divil th' bit th' likes iv thim iver had, thin or iver. They wanted to get a piece iv land or a bunch iv money an' they knew they cudden't get annybody to lave home an' fight just be sayin', 'I want land and money.' So they made a rellijous issue out iv it. They said to th' likes iv you an' me: 'That fellow over there thinks ye ar-re goin' to hell whin ye die. Ye take his life an' I'll take his land an' his money.'

"I don't blame th' jooks an' th' marquesses an' th' earls f'r bein' cross about home rule. Business in their line has been bad f'r some time an' manny iv th' Irish peers has had to go to wurruk sellin' wine or marryin' American heiresses. But ye'd wondher why a hero that's calkin' seams or forgin' bolts in a Belfast ship yard wud care who ruled Ireland. But he's got an idea in his head that if th' fellows that lead us took a holt they'd do th' same to him

that his leaders did to us whin they were on top. He can see himsilf goin' to whativer kind iv a haythen service th' Prisbyteryans have in a barn, an' little Prisbyteryan boys larnin' their a-b-abs behind a hedge an' you, Hinnissy, chasin' th' Jook or Earl or whativer he is, in Roscommon off th' potato patch that his father chased ye'er father off fifty years ago. That's why he is singin' 'Lilibulero' an' tearin' up th' pavement.

"But I'm afraid nawthin' will come iv it but more wurruk f'r th' sthreet department iv Belfast an' Londonderry. I'll sleep with me pike alongside me bed an' be ready to go over at a minyit's notice. But I'll not be needed. There's harly a chanst that there'll be anny fun. Our angry little frinds fr'm over beyant will have to go back to wurruk whin th' whistle blows an' save their rellijon f'r Sundahs an' their pollyticks f'r holidays. Th' jooks an' th' earls will go home to England an' in a few years we'll hear th' same tired joke about this Rivo-

lution that th' boys who tell th' old, old wans at dinners have been tellin' about our rivolutions for a cinchery. Sir Ed. Carson, th' inthrepid lawyer, who is at th' head iv th' blood-thirsty movement will say: 'We had tin millyon Ulsthermen ar-rmed to th' teeth ready to rise at a signal. An' why didn't they! They were pinched be th' constablry.' F'r ye can put this in ye'er little book that no rivoluchion iver succeeded that didn't have the polis with it."

"An' so," said Mr. Hennessy, "we've got them with us at last, an' we aren't goin' to get annything out iv it afther all these years iv oppression?"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I think we ought to stop all Orange procissyons on th' Twelfth iv July with inthrests iv peace an' ordher."

"That'd be grand," said Mr. Hennessy.

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY

"If there's wan thing that St. Patrick did f'r Ireland that I like betther thin annything else," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis th' day he fixed f'r his birthday. He converted th' haythen chiefs 'tis thrue, an' he dhrove out th' snakes an' a good job he made iv both, but he niver showed his saintly charackter betther thin whin he fixed on th' siventeenth iv March f'r his birthday. No wan knows whin he was bor-rn. He wudden tell an' no more wud I. But he was a thoughtful an' a janyal man, Hinnissy, an' says he to himsilf: 'Iv coorse afther I've gone fr'm this pleasant island to return no more, th' good people that come afther me will want to cillybrate me birth. I've got to fix a date f'r thim whin it won't be a hardship. It must be a big day that iv'ry wan'll look for'ard to with hope an' look back on with regret that it's past.' So,

bein' an injanius man as well as holy, an' well read in th' calendar, he named a day that was sure to fall somewheres in th' middle iv Lent.

"An' now, about this time iv th' year I'm beginnin' to get tired iv Lent. It's a fine thing in its way an' 'tis betther an' cheaper thin that place where ye'er boss goes whin he's had too much to ate an' dhrink —Carlsbad, that's it—besides bein' good f'r th' soul as well as th' body. But about th' end iv the first month I begin to feel that I'm too healthy an' far betther thin anny man ought to be in this sinful wurruld. Sthrange things happens to me. I find that I can lose me temper an' still keep enough f'r a quar'l with me best frinds. Th' sight iv a fish-hook makes me tur-rn pale. All eggs have lost their freshness. I refuse credit to all me customers but th' Jew an' th' herytic, as a matther iv principle. Whin I go to wind th' clock I can't see it f'r lookin' at th' pipe that I put on th' shelf back iv the clock on Shrove Choosdah. I wondher

whether I can last. I begin readin' up rellijous books to see whether th' rewards is akel to me heeroyic sacrifices. An' I'm almost ready to offer to thrade in a couple iv millyon years f'r wan pipe full iv kinnikinnick whin th' corner iv me eye catches th' date on th' top iv a pa-aper. It's on'y two days to Pathrick's Day an' a dauntless man can stick it out. But, dear me, th' sixteenth iv March is a long day. It's th' longest day in th' year. Haythen asthronomers say it ain't but I know betther. An' be th' same token th' siveenteenth is th' shortest. It's like a dhream. It don't last more thin a minyit but a millyon things can happen in it. Annyhow it comes ar-round at last. Many iv me frinds goes out to meet it. Not me, mind ye. But ye can bet I'm standin' on th' dure step waitin' f'r it with me pipe in me hand.

"I'm woke up be a detachment iv th' a-o-aithches fr'm Brighton Park marchin' by with a la-ad blowin' 'Garry Owen' on a fife—a chune that's made war a pleasure

in ivry part iv the wurruld. They've took no chances on bein' left out iv th' parade but started befure daybreak. All th' r-road is bloomin' in green. There ar-re green flags with yellow harps on thim in ivry window excipt O'Leary's an' he puts out what he calls th' 'pagan sunburst iv ol' Ireland,' which was th' flag he says that we followed befoure we were converted. He's th' turrble haythen but Father Kelley seys, 'Niver mind him. He's th' on'y citizen in th' ward, excipt th' foreigners, that I have to thry to convert,' he seys. 'But f'r him,' he says, 'I'd f'rget all me argymints, maybe become soft an' lose me punch. Don't bother him. He keeps me in intelechool exercise,' he says. 'An' he's a good man besides,' he says.

"But ivrybody is an Irishman on Pathrick's Day. Schwartzmeister comes up wearin' a green cravat an' a yard long green badge an' says: 'Faugh-a-ballagh, Herr Dooley,' which he thinks is Irish f'r 'Good Mornin'.' But ye niver can teach him anny-

thing. He's been in this counthry forty years an' don't know th' language. Me good frind Ikey Cohen jines me an' I obsarve he's left th' glassware at home an' is wearin' emeralds in th' front iv his shirt. Like as not along will come little Hip Lung fr'm down th' sthreet with a package iv shirts undhr his ar-rm, an' a green ribbon in his cue.

"Over at ye'er house there hasn't been so much excitement since Chris'mas mornin'. Th' childher are up befure th' first milk-wagon goes by an' ye're up an' around not long afther f'r ye can't sleep with thinkin' iv ye'er responsibility. This is th' day ye have to carry th' big banner in th' front iv th' second division an' 'tis no sinycure. It takes a thoughtful man an' a sthrong an' sure-footed man an' ye're all that f'r a little man. D'ye mind th' windy day in sivinty-four whin ye were blown acrost th' sthreet an' down into Clauncy's cellar? Ye were th' comical sight. Ivry time I think iv it I have to laugh. But ye weren't as bad as

Lonegan. They do tell me he was carried three blocks off th' line iv march an' suspinded fr'm a second-story stoop.

"The first thing ye ask whin ye get up is: 'What kind iv a fine mornin' is it?' An' th' good woman says: 'It's rainin' pitchforks.' 'What's a little dampness on such a day?' says ye. Afther ye've had ye're breakfast it's time to get out th' hat. It's in th' closet in a band-box an' th' good wife has had th' dent irned out iv it that little Packey kicked in it whin ye put it on th' flure iv th' pew on Chris'mas day. Ye thry it on an' ivrywan says it's most becomin' an' as good as new. Thin ye hoist on th' regalia an' out ye go lookin' like a whole pro-cissyon all be ye'ersilf an' with th' family noses flattened again th' window to see ye start.

"Will I march? I can't, Hinnissy. I've got to a time iv life whin me feet ar-re almost stationary. They stopped walkin' long ago. I have to tow thim now. But if ye'll cast ye'er eye over at th' northeast

corner iv th' sthreet below an' see a dignified-lookin' gintleman standin' in a group iv ladies an' childher with two Hinnissies on his shoulders an' another on his head, that'll be me. I've promised to take ye'er family to see th' ol' fellow battlin' with th' ilimints. Th' sthreets ar-re lined with people but there is no disturbance. They have no throuble keepin' th' polis in ordher. Did ye iver see a polisman get rough with a Pathrick's Day crowd? There was wan wanst. I know because I helped bury him. This is wan day whin th' constablry has got to have manners. It's no longer 'Get back there,' but 'Won't ye plaze stand back out iv th' way?' 'Come an' put me back.' 'Won't ye kindly step back?' 'I will not.' 'But th' lady behind ye can't see.' 'Why didn't ye say so at first? Excuse me, madam. Step right up. Bring up th' childher. Terence, get out iv th' way. Officer, take off ye'er hat or keep movin'. D'ye think ye're made iv glass, just because a wurrud fr'm me wud break ye at headquarthers?'

"It's a long wait but nobody minds. It's nachral. It takes a long time f'r to start a Pathrick's Day parade because ivrybody looks as though they ought to be in front. There ar-re many false alarms an' cries iv 'Here they come,' fr'm th' childher. Finally a fellow that's been up on a lamp-post since eight o'clock gives a shout an' befure ye can think it's begun. Out in front on horseback is the chief marshal. Niver did a horse cut up th' way that horse does. It waltzes, first, thin it does a jig, thin it polkies over tords th' crowd till all th' ladies scream. Ye'd think it'd been loaned to th' marshal be an inimy an' is thryin' to throw th' marshal off. But is that hero scared? Ye bet he ain't. He sets as comfortable on top iv that crazy animal as if he was in a rockin' chair at home. There's an aisy smile on his face. He waves his baton at th' cheerin' popylace. Be hivins, th' man cud ride a ibex. Afther him come his aides. A fine body iv horsemen, all but Clancy. Whin he stops in front iv me he says: 'How do

I look?' 'Ye look fine,' says I. 'But pride goeth befure a fall,' says I. 'Go on with ye,' says he. 'This charger cudden't throw me in a hundherd years,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'I've r-read in th' good book that th' proud will be humbled an' thim that ride on Pathrick's Day will walk th' r-rest iv th' week,' I says.

"Thin comes th' dhrum-major with a bearskin cap on th' back iv his head an' he throws th' stick to th' top iv Finucane's hall an' catches it on th' end iv his little finger. 'Is that pappah?' says ye'er youngest. 'It is not,' says I. 'That man is paid an' there ain't money enough in the wurruld to pay ye'er father f'r what he's goin' to do,' says I. Hooray! There goes th' band. It's a German band, iv coorse. Th' pa-apers laugh at us f'r that but, faith, I don't see th' joke. Iv coorse we've got to hire Germans. What Irishman cud ye get to blow a little pickeloo on a day like this? Th' on'y time I iver saw an Irishman musicyan in a Pathrick's Day band he'd volunteered

to play th' bass-dhrum. An' I want to tell ye that dhrum knew who was th' masther befure th' day was over. But niver mind. They're playin' 'Th' Wearin' iv th' Green.' Hit it up, me brave Bavaryans! More exercise with that thrombone, Looey! Stop coaxin' that dhrum, Hans! D'ye think 'Th' Wearin' iv th' Green' is a lullaby? Here they come—th' Zouaves, the Hibernyan Rifles, th' ancient order. A fine bunch iv Kerrymen. Well done, Kerry! Here's th' Corkonyans! Look at th' crowd iv thim! Is annybody left behind in Cork's own city? That's Tipp'rary. Hurrah f'r th' Tips. An' Kilkenny! Iv all th' towns iv Ireland Kilkenny f'r me. See th' dark May-o-men! 'Be th' blessed sun, 'tis royally I'll sing thy praise, Mayo.' An' Wexford! Play 'Th' Boys iv Wexford,' ye Dutchmen. What's that noise up th' sthreet? Here they come. Here ar-re th' fellows fr'm the best county in Ireland. See thim, will ye with their martial thread an' their chins in th' air. They make all th' rest iv th' parade look

like pigmies. Rosconmon f'r me. Lave go iv me, I tell ye I *will* march with thim. Oh, me poor feet, me threachorous, infirm feet.

"An' who's that out in front? Look childher, look, I tell ye. There he is. There's da-da. An' up ye come, Hinnissy, with th' big banner flyin' in th' wind above ye'er head an' th' staff stuck so deep into ye that maybe 'twill take Dock O'Leary to get it out. Ye can't look ayether to th' right or left. Ye can't see where ye're goin'. Ye'er eyes ar-re straight ahead. But if that banner goes ye're goin' with it. 'Hang on, me friend. Tack! tack! Throw her over. Bring her around. That's it.' An' so ye go by an' I gather up th' childher an' take thim home to put out th' slippers in front iv th' stove an' make th' poultice f'r ye.

"Well, I didn't intind to get excited over this Pathrick's Day, but somehow or other ivry time it comes ar-round I feel like goin' up on th' roof an' singin' 'O'Donnell Aboo' so all may hear. I don't know why."

"Maybe," said Mr. Hennessy, "'tis because ye're Irish."

"I hadn't thought iv that," said Mr. Dooley. "P'raps ye're right. It's something I niver have been able to get over. Be this time it's become an incur'ble habit. Annyhow 'tis a good thing to be an Irishman because people think that all an Irishman does is to laugh without a reason an' fight without an objick. But ye an' I, Hinnissy, know these things ar-re on'y our divarsions. It's a good thing to have people size ye up wrong, whin they've got ye'er measure ye're in danger."

"Sometimes I think we boast too much," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "it's on'y on Pathrick's Day we can hire others to blow our horns f'r us."

ON PAST GLORIES

"War," said Mr. Dooley, "is like sthrawberry shortcake."

"What's got into ye'er head?" Mr. Hennessy demanded. "What d'ye mane by th' likes o' that?"

"I mane," said Mr. Dooley, "it ain't what it was whin I was a young fellow an' in th' ar-rmy. Not, mind ye, that I iver achally wint to war. But as Hogan says, there are two sides to ivry man. Wan side is commercyal, an' th' other is sintimintal. Some men keep thim apart in private an' throt thim out together in public. Others niver let thim appear together where annywan can see thim.

"In thim days I was a business man, an' I'd as soon iv thought iv shootin' annywan f'r thirteen dollars a month as I wud iv carrin' thrunks f'r th' same money. But oftentimes whin I'd delivered me load an' got me

money an' was relieved iv th' responsibilities iv me position an' was dhrivin' home in me express wagon, I wud dhream iv what I wud ra-aly like to be if I had me way, an' most often me dhreams carrid me fr'm th' avnoos iv commerce an' led me to th' thundhrin' battle front.

"Manny a book iv war I'd read whin I was young an' cud undherstand books, so I knew what war was like. I had me uniform all picked out f'r mesilf fr'm th' illusthrated pa-apers. P'raps ye'd like to know th' kind iv soot I wore fightin' th' battles iv th' counthry while ye lay sleepin' in recreent peace at home. 'Twas not very exthravagant.

"It was nawthin' more thin a plush hat with a yard iv feathers stickin' out iv it, a pale blue coat with goold bands, pink breeches an' high patent leather boots with tassels on thim. That was all.

"I was mounted on top iv a fiery coal-black charger that jigged an' side-stepped undher me. But I hung on th' best I cud,

an' aisily conthrolled him with th' little finger iv wan hand while in th' other I bravely swung over me head an enormous saber.

"At a wurrud iv command I flung mesilf again th' inimy an' often in a day slew as manny as th' most desthructive dispatch fr'm Pethrograd. An' th' sthrange thing about it was that I niver got hurted mesilf. I took good care iv that. Not that I was prudent, mind ye. Me courage was niver questioned. I was bold to th' pint iv recklessness. Sivral times th' commander-in-chief called me down befure th' whole army f'r rashly riskin' so valyable a life. I was known ivrywhere as Dare Divvle Dooley.

"Oh, but th' grand battles I was in. Bands playin', soords flashin', plumes flyin' in th' wind. 'Forward,' cries th' colonel, an' I dhrive th' rowels into th' ribs iv me splendid Arab steed an' hurl mesilf again th' foe. I am engaged with a joynt corrshoor whin I hear a cry f'r help an' lookin' around I see me colonel surrounded be a scoor iv blood-

thirsty ruffyans. Givin' me opponent wan last push in th' wishbone, I dhrive th' spurs into th' quivrin' flanks iv me faithful sarvant an' frind. He responds like a human bein' in th' same circumstances. That is, he jumps wildly forward.

"In a moment I am upon thim. With wan sweep iv me soord I cut off a dozen heads. With a down stroke that I larned be watchin' me ol' preciptor Maithre Himissy swingin' a pick, I cleave another to th' chine, which is th' Fr-rinch f'r backbone. Th' rest take to their heels, this bein' th' quare way th' thwarted assassins always run in th' books. I place th' faintin' officer on th' saddle in front iv me an' gallop back to th' cheerin' lines.

"Th' pa-apers print me pitcher, beautiful ladies sling kisses at me fr'm behind th' blinds iv th' balcony, an' befure th' whole ar-rmy, th' aldhermen fr'm th' first ward pins th' legend iv honor on th' chest iv th' Irish dhragoon. As f'r th' colonel, there is nawthin' too much f'r him to do to show

his gratichood, an' he does it. Afther th' war is over he gives me a good job in his barn, an' I spind th' rest iv me life clanin' his horses an' singin' as I wurruk.

"An' so it wint. Sabers flashin', plumes flyin', bands playin'. 'Twas a long life as well as a merry wan, f'r no wan ye cared about iver got kilt or suffered anny worse hurt thin a bullet in th' leg or th' like iv that. There was a doctor along, but all he had to do was mix th' punch an' sing songs. None iv th' heroes was iver sick, or sad about annything excipt whin a Spanish lady refused to marry him.

"Did ye iver read 'Charles O'Malley, th' Irish Dhragoon'? Well, ye ought to get it if ye want an acc'rate account iv what war was like whin I enlisted to be a sojer, said good-by to me weepin' wife an' childer—that I didn't have—an' rode off to conker or to die. Nowadays if I pick up a pa-aper an' read: 'Thrench digger pizened be gas,' I don't know whether 'tis an accident in Jefferson sthreet or th' end iv a military career.

In thim times war was a recreation an' a spoort. Whin th' la-ads wasn't fightin' they were ayether carousin' or playin' a guitar undher a lady's window. They were th' gr-reatest aters, th' noblest dhrinkers, an' the finest singers in th' whole wurruld.

"Not on'y cud they sing but no sojer was thought to be anny good onless he cud make up th' verses iv his song as he wint along. I can almost remimber that splindid book wurrud f'r wurrud. Afther th' battle they set around th' camp fire at supper, an' whin th' more substantial part iv th' reepast had been surrounded an' th' gallant fellows were idly toyin' with a roasted pig, Major Hogan called f'r ordher, be hittin' th' bass dhrum with a ham-bone an' cried: 'Now that th' thrivyal business iv battle an' digestion has been finished, we will tur'rn to th' always seeryous theme, which is love. I call on Captain Hinnissy, th' lark iv Ar-rchey rood, to pipe us a ditty on this subjick.' Th' iver witty Hinnissy responded be hurlin' th' ketchup bottle at his tormintor. Th' alert

Hogan ducked th' missile but immejitly give a cry iv dismay. An' lookin' up we saw who else but th' stern features an' martial bearin' iv Gin'ral George Washin'ton. Th' bottle had escaped injury on Hogan's head on'y to land on th' chest iv th' Father iv his Counthry, an' th' benzoate iv soda was spilled over th' green an' goold vest he had received that mornin' as a prisint fr'm th' King iv France. Th' mortified captain vainly attimpted to remove th' stains with what was left iv th' spinach, but th' gr-reat man with a noble gesture knocked him aside an' afther helpin' himself to th' punch, with a dipper which he always carrid at his soord belt, lit a tin cint seegar, an' with a twinkle in his eye said, 'Go on with ye'er shanty. It may be ye'er last as I intind to have ye shot at day-break.' Thus encouraged an' nawthin' loth th' captain piped up in a rich threble voice, th' followin': 'Here's to th' girl I left at home, an' to her that I marrid on Sunday. Here's to th' wan that I met last week an' to her I divoorced on Monday.' Th' gin'ral,

afther complimentin' Hinnissy on what he laughingly called his swan song, so far onbent as to sing in a manly though onthrained voice th' thin popylar ballad entitled: 'Is This Mr. Reilly?' An' so th' night passed in revelry an' song, till mornin' came an' th' notes iv a bugle announced that th' battle was on wanst more. Thin th' gin'ral resoomed his severe countynance an' haughty mien, threw his cloak about him, an' refusin' assistance, stalked gloomily away.

"Thim were th' days, an' they're gone now, niver to return. A sojer's life is on'y gloryous in times iv peace. Thin he can wear his good clothes with th' goold lace on thim, an' sthrut in scarlet an' blue through th' sthreets. But now whin war is declared, th' war department ordhers th' millinery put in th' safe, an' dhrapes th' martial hero in a suit iv hand-me-downs made out iv th' kind iv cloth that wanst was used f'r coffee sacks. Th' commandher-in-chief issues a gin'ral ordher that annywan seen takin' a dhrink or winkin' at a girl will be hung. An' th'

brave fellow is given a pick an' shovel an' told to dig a hole in the ground an' get into it an' await ordhers.

"Yes, I tell ye, war was fine in th' ol' days. Th' commonest common sojers were always bumpin' into jooks an' princes, an' it was nawthin' at all f'r wan iv thim to meet th' Impror Napolyon walkin' arm-in-arm with th' Impress Josephine, or to have a five minyits talk with th' Jook iv Wellin'ton. Now he don't often see his colonel till th' war is over. That heero is settin' on a soap box in a cellar a mile away an' lades him to death or victhry be tillyphone. Th' gin'ral is a couple iv miles behind mounted on a restless wheel-chair. Suddenly he turns an' gives an ordher to an aidy-camp. Th' aidy-camp dashes into th' next room an' repeats th' command f'r th' charge to th' switch-boord op'rator. Th' colonel receives it in th' cellar. A flush rises to his cheeks, his eye lights up with excitemint, an' he seizes th' receiver an' brandishin' it at his ear, cries in tones iv command: 'Hello! Hello!

Cinthral, give me nine four o. No, listen! I didn't say eight six wan. I said distinctly, "Nine four o." Hello, is this th' gallant siventy-fifth? What? Oh, I don't want you. Ring off. Hello, Cinthral. What's th' matther with ye? I called f'r nine four o, an' ye give me Hannigan's hat facthry. Is this nine four o? Is this th' gallant siventy-fifth? Is this Major Hogan? Stand a little further away fr'm the 'phone. That's betther. Th' hour to sthrike has come. Ar-re th' blowpipes charged with pizenous gas? Ar-re th' bombs looded with karosene? Have th' men got their respirators on? Thin charge! Go where glory waits ye! No, no, no. I said—keep off, Cinthral—I said "Go where"—what? Oh, th' divvle take th' tillyphone. I'll hop on me bicycle an' run over an' tell ye.'

"That's no kind iv a war f'r me or f'r Char-rles O'Malley. All th' glory has gone out iv it. There ar-ren't anny battles. There ar-ren't anny camp fires. There ar-ren't anny unyforms. There ain't anny

music. A soord wud be as much out iv place on th' battle field as in a gas-house. Th' on'y use that cud be made iv it wud be to carve th' coal-black charger f'r dinner, an' that's th' on'y use that can be made iv th' coal-black charger.

"Sure I don't know what's goin' to come out iv it at all, but this I do know, that what with their gases an' their bombs war's no longer a career f'r a gintleman. If I had a son I'd no more think iv makin' a sojer iv him thin I wud iv hirin' him out as a soft-coal miner.

"Whin I was a sojer, in me mind, an' two governmints grew peevish with each other, wan iv thim said: 'Come on, Mike, dhraw ye'er soord.' An' if he didn't have a soord th' other fellow give him time to go home an' get wan.

"Wanst," continued Mr. Dooley, "there were rules f'r th' game. They were laid down an' printed in a book an' ye abided be thim. They were like th' Markess iv Queensberry rules, on'y there wasn't anny referee to en-

foorce thim. Nations wint to war very politely, bowin' an' scrapin' to each other. They made a formal declaration, which read like an invitation to a waltz. 'Twas: 'Heinrich, may I have th' honor iv takin' a wallop at ye?' 'With pleasure, Franswaw.' Thin they shook hands an' wint at each other with th' best feelin' in th' wurruld. 'Twas: 'Did I hit ye low that time, Hank? So sorry.' Or, 'I didn't mane to fire on that flag iv thruce. My mistake.' 'Oh, niver mind, ol' dear. We'll call it a let an' have it over.' Th' pastime wint on till th' money give out, an' thin th' conkerer an' th' conkered were th' best iv frinds an' wint home arm in arm.

"Why, they ain't aven a declaration iv war in these days, or if there is wan, it's put out a month or two afther th' war begins durin' a lull in th' fightin'. Th' first annywan knows that their bosses has fallen out is whin a dinnymite bomb comes down th' chimbley. Sure, I don't see why these here governmints don't go further, Hinnissy, an' take advantage iv all th' won-

dherful developmints iv science as well as a few iv thim. There are lots iv things in th' back iv th' dhrug store they haven't thried so far. I don't believe there'll iver be peace in this fractious wurruld. But th' time may come whin war as it is to-day will be abolished. Whin two nations become fretful with each other they won't fly at each other's throats. They'll continue frindly but they'll call a convintion iv chemists, docks, an' dope experts, an' th' war will commence. Thin ye'll read in th' pa-aper, 'An epidemic iv cholery has broke out in Berlin. London was desthroyed be fire yesterday. Th' negotiations between England an' Germany over th' Balkan situation ar-re still goin' on. An Eyetalian battleship iv th' first class was blowed up mysteriously yesterday. Sthrange to say th' news arrived in Rome at th' very minyit when th' Eyetalian king received a photygraft studded with dimons fr'm th' Impror iv Austhree. Small-pox is ragin' in Vienna. There is gr-reat rejoicin' in England over th' visit

iv th' Kaiser to his cousin King George. Th' pa-apers repoort an alarmin' increase iv infant mortality in th' kingdom.'

"'Twud save much expense. 'Twud be peace, as Hogan says, magnified manny diameters.

"No, sir, war ain't what it used to be. It ain't romantic. It's scientific. I wudden't be surprised if th' next war was led be a profissor iv chemisthry in a skull cap an' dhrivin' a horse an' buggy."

"Oh, I suppose all wars has been alike," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Maybe so," said Mr. Dooley. "They're like th' rest iv life. It's on'y th' prisint that ain't romantic."

ON CRIMINAL TRIALS

"I WAS r-readin' in th' pa-aper a hard kick again th' delay between th' time a criminal bumps some wan an' th' time he gets th' bump that is comin' to him accoordin' to th' law. This iditor feels bad because there's a diff'rence between this counthry an' England. Th' sentences like th' language ar-re th' same in th' two counthries, but they're pronounced diff'rent. In England a man is presoomed to be innocent till he's proved guilty an' they take it f'r granted he's guilty. In this counthry a man is presoomed to be guilty ontil he's proved guilty an' afther that he's presoomed to be innocent.

"In th' oldher civilization th' judge reads th' news iv th' crime in th' mornin' pa-aper an' stops in at a hat shop on his way to coort an' buys a black cap to wear at th' approachin' fistivities. Whin he gets up on th' bench he calls th' shuriff to his side an' says he:

'Cap, go out an' grab a jury iv cross-lookin' marrid men to thry th' condimned.' The shuriff dhrags twelve indignant grocers fr'm their stores an' they come into coort protestin' because they will be bankrupted be sarvin' their counthry. But they ar-re soon restored to good humor be th' jovyal remarks iv th' coort, who makes thim laugh heartily at wanst be askin' thim if they ar-re opposed to capital punishmint.

"Th' pris'ner is thin hauled in in chains, an' th' judge, afther exprissin' his dislike iv his face with a look iv scorn, says: 'Murdhrer, ye ar-re entitled to a fair thrile. Ar-re ye guilty or not guilty? Not guilty, ye say? I thought ye wud. That's what th' likes iv ye always say. Well, let's have this disagreeable business over with in a hurry. I'll allow th' prosecution three hours to show ye up an' th' definse can have th' rest iv th' mornin'. Wake me up whin th' ividince is all in.'

"About noon his honor is woke be a note fr'm th' jury askin' how long they ar-re goin'

to be kept fr'm their dinner. He hauls th' black cap out iv th' bandbox an' puttin' it on over his wig, says: 'Pris'ner at th' bar, it is now me awful jooty to lave ye'er fate to a British jury. I will not attimpt to infloonce thim in anny way. I will not take th' time to brush away th' foolish ividince put in in ye'er definse. Ye'er lawyers have done as well as they cud with nawthin' to go on. If anny iv th' jury believe ye innocent let thim retire to their room an' discuss th' matther over a meal iv bread an' wather while th' chops burn on th' kitchen stove an' their clerks ar-re disthributin' groceries free to th' neighborhood.'

"But it's betther in this home iv th' free, mind ye. Afther th' polis have made up their mind that none iv th' polis foorce did it, they may or may not grab th' criminal. It depinds on th' weather. But supposin' it's a pleasant summer's day an' th' fugitive is in th' saloon nex' dure showin' th' revolver an' thryin' to thrade in a silver candlestick f'r a dhrink, an' th' polis foorce ar-re bendin'

ivry effort to apprehind him an' ar-re combin' th' whole counthry f'r him, an' he doesn't know where to turn, but goes into th' station an' registhers an' gets his key an' ordhers his breakfast in th' cell an' gives a pair iv sugar tongs, a dimon necklace, a dozen knives an' forks, his autymatic an' other vallyables to th' sergeant to lock up in th' safe, an' laves wurrud not to be called, that's on'y th' beginnin' iv th' exercises.

"Th' first year or two he passes away delightfully, havin' his pitchers took an' put in th' pa-apers an' bein' intherviewed while th' iditor iv th' Sob section sinds beautiful ladies out to talk with his wife an' describe his pretty little flat full iv keepsakes. But wan mornin' he wakes up an' gets th' pa-apers an' there's har'ly anny more mintion iv him thin if he was a meetin' iv th' Epworth league, or a debate in congress, or a speech iv th' prisidint, or a war in th' Ph'lipeens, an' that disturbs him. He fires his press agent, sinds f'r his lawyer an' demands a thrile. If th' fish ar-re not bitin' th' lawyer

coaxes a judge to come into town, an' wanst more th' mallyfacther becomes a prom'nint citizen an' can read th' pa-apers without bein' disgusted at th' way they fill their colyums with news about nobodies.

"Th' first six months iv th' thrile ar-re usually taken in gettin' a jury that will be fair to both sides, but more fair to wan side thin th' other. Th' state's attorney makes an effort to get twelve men who have no prejudices excipt a gin'ral opinyon that th' pris'ner is guilty. Th' lawyer f'r th' definse on'y asks that his client shall be thried be a jury iv his peers or worse, but wud compromise if all twelve were mimbers iv th' same lodge as himsilf. In due time twelve men iv intilligence who have r-read th' pa-apers an' can't remimber what they've r-read, or who can't r-read, or ar-re out iv wurruk, ar-re injooced to sarve, an' th' awful wheels iv justice begins to go round.

"Th' scene in th' coort is very beautiful an' touchin'. Th' pris'ner's wife rents a baby f'r th' winter an' sets where th' jury

an see her whin her husband kicks her un-
ner th' table an' she weeps. Th' table in
ont iv th' culprit is banked with flowers
n' he comes into th' coort wearin' a geeran-
um in his button-hole. Afther a flashlight
th' august thribunal iv justice has been
xploded an' th' masheen f'r takin' th'
ovies has been put up, th' dhread pro-
eedure pro-ceeds. On th' first iv August
n' prosecution succeeds in gettin' into th'
cord th' fact that such a person as th'
ictim iver lived in spite iv th' objictions iv
n' definse on th' ground that it is imma-
eryal. Th' lawyer f'r th' definse objicts to
ll th' questions an' whin th' coort overrules
im he takes an exciption. That is as much
s to say to th' judge: 'I'll make a jack iv
e in th' supreem coort.' On th' twintieth
Decimber afther a severe cross-examina-
on iv th' principal witness th' jury asks
n' coort f'r a recess so they can lynch him.
"On th' fifteenth iv th' followin' April th'
stymony iv th' definse is submitted. It is,
rst, that th' pris'ner is insane an' five pro-

fissors fr'm th' infirmary swear that he was looney whin he done th' deed. Besides, he shot in self-definse, to protict his home an' th' honor iv American womanhood, while sthrugglin' with th' victim to keep him fr'm committin' suicide because th' pris'ner wudden't take his watch as a presint, th' gun accidintally wint off, a long an' a short man were seen leavin' th' premises afther th' crime, an' th' pris'ner was in Mitchigan City on that night, an' while on his way to see his sick child was stopped be an old lady who he rescued fr'm drownin' in th' park, who gave him all she had in her purse, a forty-four, a jimmy, a brace an' bit, an' a quantity iv silverware, clothing, curtains, an' joolry.

"So th' years roll brightly by an' day by day th' pris'ner sees his face on th' front page, th' fam'ly iv deceased is dhrove fr'm town be th' facts that has come out about his private life, an' most iv th' vallyable real estate in th' county is sold f'r taxes to pay th' bills iv th' short-hand writers f'r takin'

down th' tistymony an' th' objictions iv th' definse.

"But though slow American justice, Hinnissy, is sure an' will overtake th' crim'nal if he'll on'y be patient an' not die, an' wan day all th' ividince is in. Th' disthrict attorney, who's a candydate f'r mayor, makes his closin' argymint, addhressin' th' jury as 'fellow Republicans.' Th' lawyer f'r th' pris'ner asks th' jury on'y to consider th' law an' th' ividince an' to sind this innocent man home to his wife an' his starvin' childher. Afther th' judge has insthructed th' jury that he's all up in th' air about th' case an' doesn't know what he ought to say to thim, th' jury retires, charges its last meal to you an' me, an' discusses whether it ought to sind th' pris'ner home or somewhere's else. Afther askin' an' gettin' a description iv his home they decide on temperin' justice with mercy an' find him guilty. Th' pris'ner is brought into coort, smilin' an' cheerful, th' flashlights boom, th' cameras click, th' ladies swoon, an' th' judge says with a pleasant

smile: 'It is me dhread jooty to sintince ye to th' Supreem Coort. Long life to ye.'

"Thin there's a lull in th' proceedin's. Th' seasons go swiftly by. Other things happen an' I can't remimber whether th' pris'ner was th' victim iv th' crime, th' witness f'r th' prosecution, or th' disthrict attorney. Manny times has blithe spring turned to mellow summer. Manny times has autumn reddened th' threes in th' parks. Men that were old durin' th' thrile ar-re dead. Men that were young ar-re old. Wan mornin' with decrepit fingers I open th' pa-aper an' r-read: 'Supreem Coort revarses th' Bill Sikes case. Th' coort yisterdah afthernoon held a long session fr'm two to a quarther to three an' cleared th' calendar up to eighteen sivinty-five be revarsin' th' lower coort f'r errors an' ign'rance iv th' law in all th' cases appealed. In th' Sikes case th' decision is that while th' pris'ner was undoubtedly guilty, th' lower coort made a bone-head play be allowin' th' disthrict attorney to open th' window an' expose th'

pris'ner to a dhraft, be not askin' Juryman Number Two whether he had iver been in th' dhry goods business, an' be omittin' a comma afther th' wurrud "so" on page fifty-three thousan' sivin hundred an' eighty in th' record.'

"An' th' pris'ner is brought back f'r a new thrile. Th' new thrile is always hurrid. Th' iditors refuse a requist fr'm th' pris'ner to sind around annywan to report it, th' iliventh assistant disthrict attorney appears f'r th' state in spite iv th' law on child labor, th' witnesses ar-re all dead an' burrid, an' th' onforchnit crim'nal is turned out on a wurruld that has f'rgotten him so completely that he can't aven get a job as an actor on th' vodyville stage."

"What happens to him if he hasn't got anny money?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He might as well be in England," said Mr. Dooley.

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